Mrs W Van Dalten

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII. ROBERT BONNER, COR. OF WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872. TERMS. $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 22.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

THE CHILDREN'S LOVE.

BY CALEB DUNN.

Grandmother sits in the flower-bound porch,
As the twilight draweth nigh;
There's a beautiful smile on her beautiful face
As she looks at the golden sky.
The sun drops low in the luminous west,
And the birds are folding themselves to rest.

Her hair is white as the whitest down,
And wrinkles are on her brow;
Her eye is dim and her form is bent,
And her trembling voice is low;
But love still lives in her kindly heart,
And broader grows as the years depart.

Little ones gather around her chair,
And look up into her eyes,
And list to the words which grandmother speaks,
As she looks at the golden skies;
And kisses of love on her age-worn cheek
The children's affectionate joy bespeak.

Grandmother tells of the long ago,
Of the time when she was young,
Of the old gate down by the woodland glade,
Where many a time she swung,
While the birds sang sweetly in the trees,
And the breath of flowers was on the breeze.

Many a chapter of life she reads,
As the little ones fondly list,
And her loving eyes are sometimes seen
Through a bright and tearful mist,
As she speaks of the loved who have gone before,
And 'wait her coming on the heavenly shore.

Grandmother's days are almost past,
But her heart is filled with cheer,
As the ringing laughter of the little ones
Merrily falls on her ear;
And she raises her eyes to Heaven above,
And praises Him for the children's love.

* * *

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HEBER'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE HUSBAND.

A great step in the plot against Hawley had indeed been taken.

Availing himself of the facilities afforded by his position, Capt. Pedder had indeed placed the ocean between the young married couple, and under circumstances that threatened to keep them apart for ever.

Not only was Will. a prisoner in Desolation, but he was reported dead, and inscribed as dead upon the log of the *Flying Childers.* He was even honestly believed to be dead by the Rev. Mr. Moody and a host of other reliable witnesses.

And the young bride, Mrs. Hawley, on the other side of the earth, was accordingly exposed to all the machinations of which the pretended death of her husband could be made the basis.

What a threatening prospect was that which had thus dawned upon the young couple!

When Will. at last recovered his consciousness, he found himself lying upon a barren rock, in the open air, racked with pain, soaked in a chilly mist, and pierced to the marrow by cold, blustering winds.

To complete his several physical distresses, the back of his head ached as if it would burst asunder.

Carrying his hand thither, he encountered a wound which was a compound of bruise and cut, and from which blood had issued freely, coagulating in his hair and upon his person and garments.

His lower limbs were bound, as Breeling had mentioned.

Struggling to a sitting posture, the hapless man endeavored to look about him.

It was a vain effort, however.

He could not see the length of his arm.

Instead of recovering his senses within twenty minutes, as reported by Breeling to Pedder, he had lain insensible more than an hour.

During this time the dull, dismal afternoon had ended, and a still gloomier night had set in.

Utter blackness was upon everything, for there was neither light nor fire; utter dumbness, for there was neither life nor movement.

Along the rock-bound shores, to be sure, could have been heard the hollow swashing of the waves; along the beaches, too, the wild sea-bird's occasional scream; but inland—whither Will. had been taken while insensible—upon the hills and among the gullies, naught was heard but the sighing of the wind, or the murmur of torrents.

"Ah! I remember now!" ejaculated the deserted man suddenly.

And how he shuddered at the remembrance!

The glimpse he had caught of his assailant, although the glimpse of a single instant, had made upon his mind a deep impression.

"I remember now," he repeated. "There must be a hermit here, or, rather, a maniac. How frightful he looked! He's probably some sailor that has been cast ashore here and suffered all sorts of privation, until he has lost his reason. He can't be a native, a savage; none has ever been seen here. He's some madman. If he'd been in his right mind, he would have been glad to see me. Where is he now? Why did he attack me? And whither has he carried me? for it's clear that I'm in some secret nook of the island. He must have carried me to his retreat in one of the gullies of the interior!"

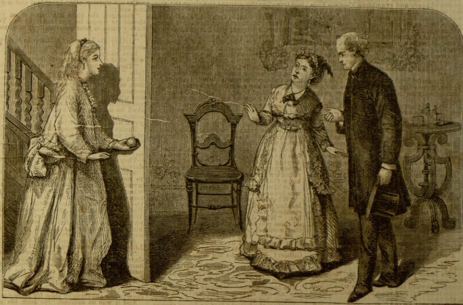
Unable to discover anything with his eyes, the prisoner listened intently a few minutes, but his hearing told him nothing.

"Well, well, I must get out of this," he soon exclaimed energetically. "That hideous creature, my assailant, whoever he may be, may return at any moment. Besides, I must be getting back to the clipper."

Feeling of the impediments upon his limbs, he assured himself that they were composed of those small tarred cords in such common and varied use aboard of all vessels. They were too many to be broken, and too tightly knotted to untie, but he managed to loosen them a little, by taking them singly, and was finally able to push them downward and draw them over his feet, thus ridding himself of them altogether.

"And now where am I?" he asked himself. "And how shall I find my way back to the ship?"

He reflected a few moments earnestly, while he buttoned his coat to the collar and wrapped his aching head in a handkerchief.



MRS. HAWLEY'S INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. MR. MOODY.

"I must have been missed," he reasoned, "even if no one saw the maniac carry me off, and in any case Captain Pedder must have caused a prompt search to be made. Yes, that's the course he took, and this search has scared away my mysterious enemy, forcing him to retreat into the interior of the island. And doubtless Pedder and a score of the passengers and crew are looking for me at this moment. The best thing I can do is to raise a great hue and cry, and call them to my assistance."

He lost no time in acting upon this thought, shouting until he was breathless and hoarse.

And then, when the last echoes of his wild cries had died out of the hills and ravines around him, he listened again intently, praying with every breath that some response might be made to him.

Not the least response came to him, however, and after several minutes of intense listening a great flood of anxiety and wonder took possession of his whole being.

"What can this mean?" he asked himself. "Can that strange being have taken me beyond the knowledge and hearing of all aboard of the vessel?"

His general alarm soon developed a particular apprehension.

"The maniac may be near me now," he thought. "He may be threatening my life at this very moment."

He felt for his pocket knife, the only weapon he was in the habit of carrying. Discovering that it was gone—Breeling having robbed him of it—he felt for a stone with which to defend himself, in case of his being again attacked. A suitable stone was soon found, and then Will. moved forward cautiously a few yards, in a crouching posture, extending a hand at full arm's length before him.

Ere long he discovered that the rocky plane upon which he found himself was wanting in that direction—that his hand was reaching outward and downward into empty space, while a murmur of running water had begun to be audible from a considerable distance below.

"Halloo!" he muttered, recoiling. "What's here?"

Securing a small pebble, he tossed it out into the empty space thus intercepting him.

Several seconds elapsed before the pebble reached the bottom of the gully beneath.

The fact caused the investigator to recoil still further, and as quickly as possible.

"A single step more in that direction would have been my last step," he realized. "I'm on the very edge of a precipice!"

He continued his retrograde movement cautiously until he came in contact with an overhanging wall of rock.

"I see!" he then ejaculated. "There's a precipice above me, and another below me! I'm on a rocky ledge from which I can neither climb nor descend in this darkness."

He drew a box of matches from his pocket, and struck several in succession, but the wind was so high, or the matches so damp, that he could not derive any benefit from them.

"Must I stay here all night?" he cried excitedly.

The thought was so afflictive that he began to call again for assistance with all the force of his lungs.

"They *must* have missed me!" he kept saying to himself. "They *must* be looking for me! Some of them must certainly be within hearing!"

A second time he shouted himself hoarse, but as vainly as before. Only the sighing of the wind and the murmur of torrents succeeded to the wild echoes of his voice.

"It's of no use!" he sighed.

Yet he shouted again and again as soon as he was rested, and continued to shout until he was overcome by exhaustion.

"I wonder the old maniac does not come and brain me!" he then panted. "Possibly he does not care how loud I yell, nor how long I keep it up. It must be that Pedder and my other friends are nowhere in this vicinity—that they are looking for me on some other shore. It may be that the old maniac carried me over to Arched Point, or elsewhere. In any case, I must stay where I am until morning, or until further developments."

Feeling about in the crevices of the rocky wall he had encountered, he chose a little niche that seemed dryer and more sheltered than the others, and stowed himself away in it, taking care to keep in readiness for use the stone with which he had armed himself.

He had come ashore very warmly dressed, having put on an overcoat, but the coldness of the raw, damp air was such that he shivered violently.

"Let's see—it's near December now," he muttered. "December here corresponds to June on the other side of the equator. It's summer here now, and the morning will accordingly break early—by four o'clock at the latest. If it is indeed written in the book of fate that I must pass the night in this ugly fix, I may as well be patient."

For the next few minutes his teeth chattered noisily, preventing him from uttering a word, but his thoughts remained as active as ever.

"In any case," he assured himself, "I shall find Pedder and the ship in the morning. Possibly he did not see the maniac—for the thing was done in a jiffy—but he must have missed me almost immediately. He had merely turned back for a moment, to call Mr. Moody and the others. So he must have raised an alarm within a few minutes after my seizure. It's curious, though—it's strangely strange—that I hear no alarm, not the least intimation of a search."

In a little while—so snugly did he ball himself up in his overcoat—his teeth stopped chattering, and in the course of half an hour he had even ceased to shiver.

"After all," he reflected, "Pedder couldn't get around very well among these crumbling rocks and slippery gullies in this Egyptian darkness. He has adjourned the search until morning. Every step a man takes here after nightfall is at the risk of breaking his neck."

This view of the case calmed his excitement.

"I needn't fret or worry," he concluded. "This hole in the rock isn't quite equal to a berth aboard of the *Childers*, but I can stand it for one night."

Soon after reaching this conclusion he dropped into a doze, and a little later into the profound sleep of fatigue, with that facility for which seafaring men are especially distinguished.

A blank of several hours followed, lasting far into the latter half of the night.

Then Will. shivered, wide awake and watchful, through a couple of long hours more.

And then the dense pall of blackness enveloping him began to lighten.

How welcome was this change!

In a few minutes more the objects around Will. began to take upon themselves definite shapes, and he knew that morning was at hand.

Gathering himself up, cold and stiff, and aching in every bone, he stretched his cramped limbs a few moments, and then began to look around him, to move about, to listen.

In the course of ten additional minutes the dull, cold light of the new day had increased to such an extent that Will. was able to note his surroundings with tolerable certainty and clearness.

And then he again shuddered.

It was enough to make his brain reel to see what frightful abysses were yawning on three sides of him.

A short distance away he perceived a narrow ledge of rock, not two feet in width, which formed the sole route of communication between the rocky shelf upon which he had passed the night and the hill of which it was a projection.

Crossing this narrow ridge, he advanced to an elevated plateau and came to a halt, sending a long and searching glance in every direction around him.

"I'm somewhere among the hills," was his mental comment upon this view. "I must strike out at random for the shore."

He set out for a neighboring eminence, from which he hoped to see some familiar landmark.

To his great joy, on reaching this eminence, he could look down upon a lower elevation, which he soon made out to be Table Rock.

"Strange!" he ejaculated, looking back toward the spot where he had passed the night. "I have been within a quarter of a mile of the shore all the time. Strange they did not find me! Strange that I have seen nothing of them!"

He took his way briskly toward the scene of the violence to which he had been subjected. The stone he had secured for his protection was still clutched in his right hand, and he cast sharp and frequent glances around him, determined not to be again taken unawares by his mysterious assailant.

"Thank heaven! the day promises to be fair—for this island!" he could not help exclaiming, as he sent feverish glances along the desolate plateau he was traversing. "There is quite a light in the horizon yonder. The fogs seem lighter than they were yesterday, the atmosphere clearer!"

Quickening his movements—for he was now full of anxious impatience—he soon reached the high brow of Table Rock. Assuring himself by a few sharp glances that no one was now lurking in the neighborhood, he directed a succession of keen glances seaward.

The light of the new day had now become so bright that Will. was enabled to see the whole outer portion of Christmas Harbor, his vision ranging from Arched Point to Cape Francois, and even plunging into the offing miles away to the eastward.

No sail, no boat, no living thing, not even a sign of life was visible.

A sudden thrill of foreboding shook him.

Hurrying away to the westward, following the shore, he lost no time in gaining the first of the several ridges into which the slope toward the head of the harbor is divided.

From this ridge, as the reader may remember, Capt. Pedder and Hawley had looked down upon the clipper, at the time of their ascent to Table Rock, and from it Will. now obtained a complete view of Capt. Cook's anchorage, and all the adjacent shores and waters, but only to discover that the ship had vanished!

The discovery was overwhelming. For a full minute Will. was unable to move or speak.

"Great heavens! what have they done?" he at length shouted, rather than said, such was the excitement and horror now surging upon him. "Can they have really gone?"

Turning upon his heel abruptly, he hurried back to Table Rock, rending the air with his cries of surprise and anguish, and again strained his gaze seaward for a glimpse of the clipper, hoping that she was still within range of his vision.

Vain search and vain hope!

"She hasn't had time to get out of sight this morning," he said hoarsely. "She sailed last night, as certainly as I'm living!"

That much was indeed certain.

"And why?" he resumed wildly. "They knew that I was missing—that something had happened to me! They wouldn't have sailed so long as they supposed me living—so long as they supposed my rescue possible! O God! Pedder must have thought that I was dead!"

There was so much covered and understood by that dreadful conviction that a dumb consternation held possession of the agonized man for several minutes.

"It's even so!" he then moaned hollowly. "He thinks me dead. All the rest think so. And that is why they've sailed—and sailed last evening!"

Withdrawing his gaze from the distant offing, he fixed a horrified stare upon the objects immediately around him—upon the brow of the cliff, upon the loose stones scattered about, and upon the sand and powdered stone in the furrows and crevices of the rocky table.

"Yes; they've gone on to Australia," he added, in the frenzied voice of despair. "And I'm left here to die like a dog."

Shocked and crushed by these dread realizations, the unhappy man sank down upon the cliff, but only to start convulsively to his feet the next instant, his searching gaze having encountered a slab of wood wedged in a fissure near him.

This piece of wood was not a foot long—not so long as to prevent a man from carrying it in his pocket or concealed under his coat. It was simply the extreme end of the blade of an ordinary oar. Some writing was visible upon it—something written with a hot iron deep and distinct, so as to remain legible for years.

Starting forward with suppressed breathing, Will. read as follows:

"Traveller, beware! Fell from this cliff, Nov. 26, 1852, William Hawley, first officer of the ship *Flying Childers*, of New York. His body was not found. May his soul repose in peace.

"LUKE PEDDER, Captain."

A wild moan burst from Hawley's lips, as he sank nerveless to the ground.

"It's even so!" he gasped. "They all think me dead. And dead I am, to all intents and purposes, for I shall die miserably here. And they will carry the news to my wife, on their return to New York. My poor Clara! They will tell her that I am dead, and the blow will kill her."

CHAPTER IV.

THE WIFE.

It was summer again in New York—one of the last days of June, 1853.

It was, in fact, one of the loveliest days of that roseate month—a day of sunshine, gentle breezes, and flowers.

In a pleasant front room of a family boarding-house in Fourth street, near Washington square, was seated a young lady as bright and fresh as the beautiful morning itself. She was scarcely twenty years of age, with a fair, sweet face, and with a pretty matronly dignity that well became her still girlish beauty. A book she had been reading had fallen to her lap, and her eyes were fixed vacantly upon the carpet, while her countenance was transfigured by a flood of fond anticipations.

This charming lady was the wife of the lone prisoner we have left ten thousand miles away, amid the bleak horrors of Desolation—was Mrs. Will. Hawley.

"It is time for his return," she said to herself softly—"it is time. My idol—my Will.—my husband! What joy to see him again! Would that he were here now!" and her eyes glowed tenderly, while a soft flush suffused her cheeks. "Thank Heaven! the *Childers* is expected from one moment to another. Will. may arrive this very day—within an hour even—and all the agonies of this long separation will be forgotten."

A knock upon the door interrupted the musings of the fair young wife, seeming to paralyze her.

"It's only me," said a pleasant voice, as the door was gently pushed open.

"Come in, Mrs. Piper," hastened to say the mistress of the apartment. "And excuse my stupidity. Your knock really startled me—"

"You are getting more and more nervous every day then?"

"I was thinking at the moment of my husband. Your knock sounded strangely like his."

Mrs. Piper was a hearty, fine looking matron, who had just entered her fortieth year, with nothing particularly striking in her character or appearance. She was the possessor, however, of a kind, sympathetic nature, of a sound Christian heart, and of the best of good sense and judgment. Perhaps it is sufficient praise to say that all of her boarders regarded her as a friend.

"You think too much of that husband of yours, I fear," returned Mrs. Piper smilingly, as she seated herself in the chair nearest the young wife. "What bright dreams you have been having all these days of his return! Unless he is made of the very best of material, your idolatry will spoil him. But here comes Jenny with your breakfast. You might have had it sooner, if you had touched the bell, but I hardly expected to find you up so soon!"

She opened the door, giving admittance to a tidy, genteel maid, who placed a tray of delicacies upon a table in front of Mrs. Hawley, with a greeting full of respectful affection, and then quietly withdrew.

"The breakfast is quite in time," said Mrs. Hawley, as Mrs. Piper resumed her seat. "And if any spoiling is being done, you are the guilty one—giving me my breakfast in bed nearly every morning, and not allowing me to have the least care or fatigue!"

"That is because I know what is good for you, my dear," said Mrs. Piper. "You may be sure that I haven't raised a large family without being a little the wiser for it. How is the coffee and the toast?"

"Excellent, as usual," answered the young wife, who was already doing justice to both. "You cooked my breakfast yourself, my dear Mrs. Piper, and you needn't begin to praise that two-hundred-pound fairy down in the kitchen, and declare what a wonderful cook she is! I won't believe a word of it. I know that you buttered this toast and cut it into these neat squares, taking away all the crust; and I know, too, that you made this coffee, which is as bright and clear as nectar! Now didn't you?"

"Well, I won't deny it—since you hunt me down so closely. The truth is, I knew your appetite was feeble, and I said to myself that I could suit you a little better than any one else—"

"I knew it—I was sure of it," interrupted Mrs. Hawley, with a grateful look. "From the moment I came into your house, nearly ten months ago, you have been to me like a mother!"

"I have simply done for you what I would wish some mother would do for my Susy, if I were dead, and she were a young wife like you!" said Mrs. Piper quietly. "Mr. Hawley's pain at leaving you was so great, as was his anxiety concerning you, the day he brought you here to board—which was the day before he sailed, you may remember—that I could not refrain from promising him that I would treat you exactly as if you were my daughter!"

"And how well you have kept that promise, dear Mrs. Piper," returned Mrs. Hawley. "My husband will appreciate all you have done for me, as I do."

"You are looking for his arrival from one minute to another, I see."

"I cannot help it."

"You must not be so excited. We must talk of something else—the weather, the fashions."

"Well, you lead off then."

Mrs. Piper accordingly talked ramblingly of various indifferent subjects, until her young friend had finished breakfast, and then she drew her chair nearer to Mrs. Hawley's, and said:

"If you are sure that you have finished your breakfast, and if you will be very calm and reasonable, I will tell you some news—"

Mrs. Hawley sprang excitedly to her feet.

"Oh, he has come! he has come!" she cried.

"Pshaw! don't be so foolish. Sit down and be sensible. Your husband is not here, and if he were I shouldn't be over three seconds in informing you of the fact—"

"Excuse me—I know you wouldn't. But there is a smile in your eyes—something in your manner—"

"Very well. Listen. But you must be calm. I have looked at the shipping news regularly every morning, for several days past, and I have had the pleasure of seeing in this morning's paper a line that will undoubtedly be to your very pleasant reading."

The heart of Mrs. Hawley seemed suspended in her throat, as she looked alternately at her landlady and at the newspaper she had drawn from her pocket.

"I would not show it to you before breakfast," added Mrs. Piper. "But now I will read it:

"'Arrived, ship *Flying Childers*, from Melbourne.'

"That's all, dear; but I was afraid it would spoil your breakfast."

The cries, the smiles, the thrills of delight with which Mrs. Hawley listened to those few words can be best imagined—especially by our lady readers.

"Oh, let me see that paper!" she finally articulated, catching her breath.

Mrs. Piper placed the line in question under the eyes of Mrs. Hawley, who read it aloud.

"It's true! it's true!" the young wife then exclaimed, in a very ecstasy of joy. "My husband is here!"

She kissed the paper fervently, and then caught and kissed Mrs. Piper.

"You good, blessed child!" said the latter, wiping her eyes vigorously. "What a joy has at last come to you, after all your loneliness and waiting!"

"And what joy for my husband too!" murmured the young wife, as she hid her face against Mrs. Piper's capacious shoulder. "How baby will astonish him! Oh, how happy I am! Was any one ever so happy? Oh, how good Heaven is to me! But is it not time that my husband were here?"

"Hardly. The clipper may have been detained at quarantine, or been compelled to wait for a tug to bring her up to the city. There are many delays of this kind in making port, you know, and we must not be impatient. It is enough for you to know that Mr. Hawley will be here at the earliest possible moment—"

She was interrupted by the ringing of the door bell.

Mrs. Hawley's limbs gave way beneath her, and she sank back upon her sofa, paling and flushing.

"There he is!" she had barely strength to murmur.

"Be calm, dear," enjoined Mrs. Piper. "I will go and see who it is, and be back in a moment."

She slipped from the room, closing the door behind her, but soon returned, bearing a piece of pasteboard between her thumb and finger.

"It's a call for you, a gentleman," she announced—"a strange gentleman, as far as I know. Here is his card."

Mrs. Hawley arose and glanced at the slip of pasteboard.

"Rev. Jacob Moody," she read aloud. "I am *so* disappointed! I was fully expecting Will. to come flying up here, three stairs at a step."

"This reverend gentleman, then—"

"Is a perfect stranger. I never saw him, or even heard of him until this moment."

"Well, I have, I think," said Mrs. Piper reflectively, looking at the card again. "He's a prominent clergyman of St. Louis. See, here is his address in fine print at the bottom of the card. He's the very man! My sister Helen is a member of his church. She is always talking about him—or used to be before he resigned or went away upon a leave of absence—I forget just how it was—some months ago."

"In this case, he may be here to see *you*. Your sister may have recommended him to you, with a view to his making his home here while he remains in the city."

"It is possible—even probable. But I am sure that he asked for you. He gave your whole name, 'Mrs. William Hawley,' and it must be—"

"There may be some mistake," interrupted the young wife, seating herself wearily.

"Or, if not, I can see him for you, dear," returned Mrs. Piper. "In your state of health, you do not care to see a perfect stranger—"

"Oh, no! I shrink from everything of the kind. Please see him for me—if his call is really intended for me."

"Very well. Compose yourself, dear. You know I will send your husband to you the very instant of his arrival."

She went out into the hall, again closing Mrs. Hawley's door behind her, and quietly descended the stairs to the parlor, still holding in her hand the visitor's card.

The reverend gentleman was still standing in the precise spot where Mrs. Piper had left him, and it is doubtful if he had heard the invitation to be seated she had given him, or if he had seen the chair placed at his service. The truth was, Mr. Moody was sorely troubled. His honest face was clouded with a look of positive distress. But otherwise he looked exactly as he had looked at the island of Desolation, on the day when we first made his acquaintance.

"You will excuse Mrs. Hawley, sir, if you please," said Mrs. Piper. "She is not well enough this morning to receive you."

The trouble of the reverend gentleman increased at this announcement. He twisted his hands together nervously.

"And I hope you will excuse me, sir, if I venture to ask you a question," continued Mrs. Piper. "Are you not the Rev. Mr. Moody of whom my sister has so often spoken in her letters?"

Mr. Moody moved spasmodically, as a drowning man might turn toward a life-buoy flung to him.

"Your sister?" he ejaculated.

"Mrs. Helen Holmwood of St. Louis—"

The rigid lines of Mr. Moody's countenance were broken up as if by magic.

"Are you Mrs. Holmwood's sister?" he asked, with a quick, pleasurable interest.

"I am, sir."

"Why, then you are Mrs. Piper!"

"What! you know my name, sir?"

"As you see, Mrs. Piper, for I am the very Mr. Moody of whom your good sister has spoken."

He extended his hand, which Mrs. Piper pressed with great pleasure.

"The truth is, Mrs. Piper," the reverend gentleman hastened to say, "your sister has spoken of you to me quite as often, I dare say, as she has spoken of me to you. Hence I feel well acquainted with you already, and am truly delighted to make your personal acquaintance."

"I reciprocate the pleasure cordially," murmured Mrs. Piper. "But please be seated, sir."

The visitor sank mechanically into the chair advanced toward him, and the look of preoccupation and trouble he had before worn came stealing back to his features.

"And now another question, if you please, Mr. Moody," continued Mrs. Piper. "Did I understand you aright, a few minutes ago? Did you really ask for Mrs. Hawley?"

"I did, Mrs. Piper—for Mrs. William Hawley, whose husband sailed for Australia several months since, as first officer of the *Flying Childers*. I am not mistaken in her identity, I believe? Your Mrs. Hawley is the one I am seeking?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly. But Mrs. Hawley is not visible to-day even to her most intimate friends. She has a beautiful boy, who is only some three weeks old, and the very image of his father—"

"Indeed, Mrs. Piper!"

"But I have been to her as a mother since her husband's departure, sir," resumed Mrs. Piper. "She has just charged me, therefore, to receive for her any communication you may have to make to her—"

"It is well so; it is even better for me to break the news to you first, my dear Mrs. Piper," interrupted Mr. Moody, speaking rapidly, as one who plunges into a painful subject.

"'Break the news?'" repeated Mrs. Piper, with a start. "You have some message then—"

"I regret to say that I am here as a bearer of evil tidings, Mrs. Piper," said Mr. Moody hurriedly. "Captain Pedder has charged me with the melancholy duty—"

Mrs. Piper made such a startled movement that the visitor's utterance was disconcerted.

"You have bad news for Mrs. Hawley, then?" she breathed, turning pale suddenly.

Mr. Moody nodded.

"Bad news concerning her husband, perhaps?"

The gentleman nodded again.

The motherly face of Mrs. Piper became as rigid and pallid as if death had set his seal upon it.

"A horrible fear seizes me!" she murmured, in a voice barely audible. "Oh, Mr. Moody, that young wife and mother will die, if anything has happened to her husband. They were lives of one life—souls of one soul. I never saw such love as theirs. And only think, they had not been married more than ten or twelve days before Mr. Hawley tore himself away from his poor wife to sail upon that long voyage to Australia—"

A sob from the strong man at her side interrupted her. She looked up—agonized, appalled.

"The case—is so bad?" she faltered.

"It is terrible."

"Mr. Hawley, then?"

"Mr. Hawley is dead."

The face of Mrs. Piper seemed to be freezing. Her eyes were set and stony. Words utterly failed her.

"He was killed the twenty-sixth of last November," proceeded Mr. Moody, "by falling down a cliff three hundred feet high, in the island of Desolation. The *Childers* had called there for water. While the sailors were filling the casks, Mr. Hawley proposed to Captain Pedder to take a stroll along the shore, and the Captain invited me and others to join them. Mr. Hawley took the advance, and soon came to a high bluff called Table Rock. The top of this cliff overhangs the sea, and as it is slippery and crumbling, Captain Pedder warned Mr. Hawley not to go too near, and adjured him to be careful. Horrible to relate, just as we were looking at Mr. Hawley, and just as Captain Pedder turned back a few rods to speak to us, Mr. Hawley suddenly vanished, with a thundering crash, and we reached the cliff only in time to see the bubbles coming up from the depths where he had disappeared forever. We did not even have the melancholy satisfaction of finding his body."

In the awful hush that followed this revelation, there came a low tap upon the door leading from the hall, and the door was pushed open.

"May I interrupt you a moment, Mrs. Piper?" asked a sweet, mellow voice.

And without awaiting a response Mrs. Hawley glided into the apartment.

"I just now recollected," the young wife exclaimed hurriedly, with a grave inclination to the clergyman—"I just now recollected that there was a Rev. Mr. Moody among the passengers of the *Childers*, and it instantly occurred to me that you may be that same gentleman. Are you not, sir?"

The reverend gentleman hesitated a moment.

"I am that same Mr. Moody," he then said.

"The suspicion of this fact made me anxious and excited, of course, and I could not help coming down stairs to make a few inquiries," went on the young wife, with the feverish haste of a great anxiety. "You have just returned to New York in the *Childers*, I suppose?"

The clergyman gravely assented.

"And you came here to see *me*? You inquired for ME—for Mrs. William Hawley?"

Another sign of assent.

"Do you bring a letter from my husband, sir? any message?"

"No letter or message, my dear Madam, I am sorry to say," answered Mr. Moody, advancing toward the young wife with a look of the tenderest pity upon his sorrow-stricken features.

"Ah! I understand," came from the suddenly blanched lips of Mrs. Hawley. "*My husband—is dead!*"

The former hush returned, only deepened. A glance at the white face before them told Mrs. Piper and the good clergyman what was coming. They received the insensible form in their arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HUSBAND'S ORDEAL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, why wasn't I created a man?"

Mattie Arran was sitting at the window, one cheek leaning on her hand, her blue eyes gazing wistfully out over the boxes of mignonette and verbenas into the blue of the sunset sky. She was tall and slenderly fashioned, rather pale, and with light brown hair, knotted back with a blue ribbon. Not strikingly beautiful, and yet she had one of those faces that the eye rests upon with a sort of satisfied repose: classical features, and a brow noble as that of Juno.

Vivienne Dale, her cousin, sat opposite, nestled away in the depths of a great green velvet easy-chair, her fingers idly manipulating an ivory crochet needle, her soft wine-brown eyes half hidden by the lovely white lids. Nature had been very liberal to Vivienne Dale. A skin soft as rose-colored satin; golden hair, full of burnished glitter, and forming itself into sunshiny tendrils around her temples; long lashes, and a round fresh mouth like a crimson rose-bud after a shower—these are treasures that all the wealth of a Rothschild cannot buy.

And yet, with all these advantages to aid her on, Mattie Arran had distanced her, and married the one only man of all the world for whom the gold-haired siren cared.

Gilbert Arran, the aforesaid individual, was on the sofa, lazily smoking his twilight cigar. He looked up, at his young wife's words.

"What *would* you be, Mattie?" he asked, in the half-caressing fashion one instinctively adopts toward children and kittens, and all lovely helpless things.

"A poet—a sculptor—an actor!" Mattie answered impulsively. "Something that shall rouse mankind to admiration and envy and emulation—something to leave a mark on the sands of time! I am so cramped and fettered now!"

"Dear me!" said Vivienne softly; "one would think, to hear you talk, that you were a Circassian slave. Is Gilbert so dreadfully *exigeant*, dear?"

"No more so than it is the nature of every man to be, I suppose," Mrs. Arran answered thoughtfully and slowly.

Mr. Arran looked troubled.

"I thought you had decided to put all that nonsense out of your head, Mattie," he said. "I thought I had convinced you that a woman who rules her household well, fulfills the mission God has intended for her."

Mrs. Arran's lip curled.

"That is the common cant!" she answered, almost bitterly. "And I, who feel that I have within me the possibilities of so much more—"

She checked herself, for Gilbert had flung his cigar away and risen to his feet.

"Let us all go to the opera to-night," said he. "Cecili is to sing, and it is your favorite Don Giovanni, Mattie."

And as the days went by, Mattie Arran suddenly awaked to a consciousness of what Destiny meant her to evolve out of her own identity.

"An actress!" Vivienne Dale cried, with her pink dimpled hands held up. "Oh, Mattie, how grand! how noble! I wish *I* could act! I wish *I* could do something to make myself noble!"

"You are overdoing it now, Vivienne," Mrs. Arran returned coldly. "There is no necessity for all that forced enthusiasm."

Vivienne colored.

"You are so severe, Mattie. And I—well I know I am only an insignificant, stupid little thing, with no mission in the world."

And she drooped her golden head and looked as lovely as a pictured siren.

Yes, Mattie Arran had decided to be an actress. It was true that Gilbert had not consented, but then Gilbert was so old-fashioned in his ideas, so entirely behind the age. And a woman who felt that she could work out a new and noble path for herself should surely never be deterred by the prejudices of one man.

And so Mattie pressed forward, spending her days in work and study, her evenings in rehearsals.

Mr. Arran was sitting alone by the shaded light in his study, one December evening, as Vivienne entered, dressed in a pale blue silk that shimmered and rustled about her like moving ether, and her golden hair floating over her shoulders. He looked up impatiently.

"Where is Mattie?"

"Gone to Mr. Allison's," Vivienne answered, with pretty feigned reluctance to speak.

"Did you tell her I was not well to-night?"

"Dear cousin Gilbert," pleaded Vivienne, "don't be vexed. Remember how very impulsive and enthusiastic our darling Mattie is. Such a child too in heart and mind. Do not judge her rashly. Does your head ache *very* badly? Cannot I bathe it with cologne?"

"Thanks; it is not necessary."

"But I know it aches," she persisted, laying one little snowflake of a hand on his brow so lightly that he scarcely felt its touch. "Let me charm the pain away. Let me read to you out of this book of old English ballads."

Vivienne Dale had a sweet, well-modulated voice, and considerable powers of elocution; and as the music of her words filled the flower-scented room, Gilbert Arran heard never a word.

Mattie! Where was she? How was it that, knowing him to be indisposed and lonely, she could leave him thus? The shadows gathered darkly on his brow; the cold, compressed look came to his lips; and Vivienne, stealthily watching him beneath those long gold-brown lashes, secretly exulted in the success of her machinations, without one regret that she had intentionally omitted to deliver the message from husband to wife.

"I will make him love me yet," she thought. "I will steal his heart away from that haughty statue of a woman, who knows not how to prize the treasure she has won."

The night for Mrs. Arran's *début* on the stage had arrived at last. She was to personate Pauline Deschapelles, in the prettily romantic play of "The Lady of Lyons." And very lovely she looked in her dress of white satin, glimmering through clouds of diaphanous tulle, with pearls braided about her neck, and white roses in her hair. How her heart throbbed beneath the satin folds of her picturesque costume as the great green curtain slowly rose, disclosing the row of lights, and the seemingly countless array of human faces beyond! But Mattie Arran had a vein of resolve underlying her soft feminine nature, as the granite rock underlies the velvet grass and violets, and she determined rather to die than fail.

Half an hour afterward, when she came before the curtain, graciously smiling and courtesying her thanks, with a rain of bouquets at her feet, and the plaudits of the audience rising up around her in a sea of sound, she knew that the victory was won.

Yet the bitterness of the apples of Sodom was between her lips, even then.

"What is it worth, after all?" she thought, leaning wearily back against the carriage cushions, with the bouquets piled up around her. "What do I care for the admiration of all those people who paid money to see me, as they would to see any other sight? What is it all worth? One smile of Gilbert's, had he been there, would have been more than all those shallow shouts of adulation. Where is Gilbert? Why did he not come to make my triumph sweeter?"

And Mattie Arran's hungry heart craved the one thing that had been withheld from her, even in the hour of her triumph.

The house seemed strangely still and desolate as she ascended the velvet-carpeted staircase, her satin-shod feet making no more noise than the fall of a leaf on forest mosses.

"Nobody is expecting me; no one is looking out for me," she thought, with a strange sensation of loneliness.

Yet, as she neared the door of her own little *boudoir*, she heard Vivienne Dale's soft, honey-sweet voice in pleading accents. Involuntarily she stood still, the white satin draperies falling round her, the fragrant blossoms in her arms.

"Dear Gilbert, do not spurn me from you! She never loved you. *I* love you with all my woman's nature. She defies your wishes. I would study your slightest look or glance. It is easy now-a-days to obtain a divorce, and oh, my dearest, how I would love you—treasure you—cherish you! For you cold woman does not even know the meaning of the word!"

"Vivienne," Gilbert Arran's stern voice answered, "you must have strangely misinterpreted my nature, if you dare for an instant to dream that I could ever love any woman but my wife. To me, whatever may be her failings, she is the noblest, truest, sweetest of created beings. And—"

But the sentence never was completed. His wife's arm through his—her flushed cheek against his breast—her tears wet and hot upon his hand—this was its echo.

"O, Gilbert, my true, loyal husband! My own love! how could I ever try you so? But it is for the last time, dearest, believe me. I am weary of striving for fame and glory. I am wiser—better, I hope—than I was. Give me your love, Gilbert, and I will ask for nothing more!"

Like a scotched serpent, Vivienne Dale had glided from the room, and neither Gilbert nor Mattie saw her again. And that was the last shadow that ever darkened the happy hearthstone of husband and wife.

THE INDIAN COUNTESS.

BY R. W. NEWMAN.

In the year of the French Revolution, 1792, a young man of good birth, fine education, and of good address, who was glad to escape with his life from those dreadful scenes of carnage that were being enacted in Paris, came to this country. He was tall, lithe and handsome, with the manners and the hands of an aristocrat. Finding nothing to do, for he was prepared by education for no labor whereby he could earn a livelihood, and the physical labor of the docks was so much better done by the negroes, that he could not stand the competition, he finally gave up in despair; and while he had money for the few implements needed, he started for the Oneida country, where he cut down a few saplings and built himself a shelter from the weather. He endeavored to support himself by fishing, shooting and trapping, but had made little progress when he was stricken down with fever. His end seemed to have come; nothing could be done. He was alone and helpless, and commending himself to the care of Heaven, he laid himself down to die.

On the other side of the wood near which he had built his hut, but hidden entirely from his view, there lay an Indian village. One afternoon an Indian maiden, out berrying, espied the hut of the stranger, and naturally peered into it. Hearing no noise, and seeing no one, she finally entered, and beheld a handsome man lying prone, very pale, and apparently dead. Her woman's heart was touched with pity, and glancing around the hut, she noticed the want of all comforts. She saw too, that though insensible, he was still alive.

The young girl paused not to think of his nation or his tribe. Her fleet feet took her back to her wigwam, whence she returned with milk, rum, and a robe and blanket. With the latter she covered him, and pouring a little rum down his throat, she pillowed his head upon her lap, and sat still and watched him there. Presently he opened his fine eyes, and gave her a dim, wandering, wondering look. But he was faint; he saw, however, in the large, lustrous, black, deep-set eyes of the squaw legibly written, "Thou shalt not die forsaken, stranger."

She administered to him of the restoratives she had brought, and signified to him as well as she could that he must sleep now, and that she would return after a while and see him. He saw in the kind, anxious solicitude of his nurse, that he was cared for—that God had sent an angel to him in answer to his prayer.

In a couple of hours the Indian girl returns to her stranger patient with food and medicines for the night. She finds him very weak and feeble, but much better; she makes him eat something, and gives him to understand, by eye and pantomime, that he must sleep, and she will see him as early as possible next morning; she then makes him as comfortable as she can, and with a happy smile and a cheerful heart trips back to her wigwam.

In the morning the Indian girl tells her mother about the stranger. At first she is doubtful and suspicious, but she goes with her daughter to see the stranger, when her heart warms to the handsome and young, but very sick pale face, and, with true womanly feeling, she busies herself about the sick man, who, she finds, has a great deal of fever, and is really ill. She leaves her daughter to watch by him, and goes to seek her husband, who comes to him. The old warrior pities the pale face, and they remove him to their own wigwam for better nursing, where he leaves him to the women to make him well.

In three weeks good nursing brought him round, and he was a man again in all but strength. The patient endurance of the Count, with his quiet, graceful manners, had won upon the little community, and Nanita herself found a pang in her heart and a sigh on her lips at the mention of his departure. She had taught him somewhat of their language. He felt grateful to his nurse and benefactress; while she—Why is it, O woman! that the bird that we nurse is the bird that we love?—though she knew it not as yet, loved him.

The old warrior, after breakfast one morning, said:

"Stranger, the time has come when you should no longer be a stranger to us. You have a name in your own country; what may it be?"

"Arthur De Lille they call me in my own country."

That name fell on one heart, engraven as with an iron pen upon a rock forever.

"Then, Arthur De Lille," said the chieftain, "stay with our people another moon. Hunt with us, fish with us, go to our council fires, smoke with us, then go back to your own country. Or if you like the red man's life, and will cast your lot with us, we will adopt you into our tribe. You shall be my son; you shall be a hunter and a warrior. Adopt our customs and our costumes, and we will give you a wife from our tribe."

Nanita explained what he did not understand to De Lille, who, turning to the chieftain, said:

"It is well said, O chieftain. It shall be so;" and offered his hand.

They smoked a pipe together. And the understanding was complete.

Arthur De Lille grew from convalescence to robust health rapidly. He walked, he wrestled, he ran, with the young Indians, where his great height was of much advantage to him. His education in the school of the athletes, and in fencing and shooting in Paris, now became of great service to him. With returning health he developed great physical power; the Indians were proud of him; he was their equal in all sports, their superior in many things.

As the time approached for his decision, De Lille went to the old warrior, and said:

"De Lille wants to go into retreat for three days, to consider his decision which is at hand. He wants to be alone, to consider the past and the future, to consult the Great Spirit."

"De Lille speaks wisely," said the chieftain. "It shall be so. No one shall speak to thee, to ask anything of thee, for three days."

And it was so ordered. He took his gun and went to the top of a mountain, and there considered his situation. He reviewed the civilized savages of France destroying everything that was good. Then he turned to the peaceful civilization of the savages going on around him, and thought of what he should lose, nay, had lost, in France; then of the life of toil and labor before him; then of its freedom—the joyous, wild life of the Indian.

He thought how he had been snatched from death at home, how he had suffered in New York, and since; how now, by this Indian woman, he had been brought from death to life; and he looked up to the Great Spirit, and prayed, "Direct me in all my doings with thy most gracious favor, and further me with thy continual help." Then he laid him down to rest and think. For three days he continued the meditations that were to fix a life, and at length rose from the ground rejoicing in a psalm of praise: "I am an Indian," he said. "I thank thee, Father, for this revelation of thy will."

The mind thus made up is fixed for ever, and it was so with De Lille. He now sought the accomplishment with avidity. On his way home he spoke to every one he met, and meeting the old warrior, he said:

"I am an Indian; embrace me."

"Welcome, my son." And he embraced him.

De Lille told him that whatever ceremonies were necessary he was ready for them.

"I'll settle it at a council of the braves to-night," was the reply.

"You promised me a wife," said De Lille. "Give me Nanita? One moon from my adoption into the tribe, I'll take her."

"My son, we must see what she says to that; but I'll not object."

They entered the wigwam, carrying sunshine into it. He strode up to Nanita's mother and kissed her. He went up to Nanita, and said:

"Nanita, I am an Indian! Help me to be a good one."

Her bright eyes danced in ecstasy, as she threw herself on his bosom and wept there. He looked round, and the mother was weeping on the old man's bosom. Even the old warrior's eye was moist; but they were blissful tears that these people shed.

De Lille was adopted into the tribe with the usual ceremonies, and great rejoicing was there on the occasion; and at the feast of sweets, when the maple sugar ran, he brought Nanita home to his wigwam as his wife. She proved a good wife; always smiled upon him, and bore him many children. The blessing of the Great Spirit had come with her.

De Lille became a great chieftain among the Indians. His superior education, his knowledge of French, English, and the Indian dialect became of great value with the tribes; and he kept his own tribe at peace with the whites, and he was much respected by our government. Thus he lived twenty years.

He visited New York, where he learned so much of the restored tranquillity of France as to beget the hope that some of the broad lands he left there might be restored to him, and he was not mistaken. He sent one of his sons to France to be educated. He sent another to be educated in Columbia College, who afterward became a prominent lawyer in New York.

He stayed with his tribe, a useful and most valuable man. He was universally respected as a faithful ally of our government, and so he continued to his death, in 1835.

He was restored to his titles by Louis XVIII., when our squaw friend became the Countess De Lille. She visited France with her husband, and was well received. She returned to this country and spent her life in elegant luxury, on a large estate in the neighborhood of the spot where she first saw her husband. She survived him, and dying, he blessed her, and thanked God for his early troubles which brought him such changed ideas and such an angel wife.

"Truly, my dear," he said, "behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face."

His son and hers is a titled man in France to-day.

◆

IDLENESS IS UNNATURAL.—There is not a man, or a thing now alive, but has tools to work with. The basest of created animalcules, the spider itself, has a spinning jenny and a warping-mill and power-loom within its head; the stupidest of oysters has a Papin's digester, with a stone and lime-house to hold it in. How unnatural then is idleness!

WIT AND HUMOR.

A PENNSYLVANIA editor says, "The oldest inhabitant of Mud Corners died yesterday, at the age of eighty years. He didn't saw a cord of hickory wood the day before he died. He wasn't old enough for such amusement. It is only the venerable men whose hairs have been bleached by the frosts of over one hundred winters, that indulge in such frolics. We now refer to the robust departed merely because he was never sick enough to have a doctor in all his life, and how he ever managed to die without one is a mystery that must be left to the hereafter to unfold."

"I AM afraid, Madam, that pepper is half peas?" said a boarder to his landlady, as he replaced the pepper-box in the castor. The landlady indignantly denied the imputation, and said he didn't know good pepper from poor. "That may be so," replied the boarder, "but I'll prove to you that what I said is true. P-e-p pep, p-e-r per—only six letters in the word, and half of them are p's!"

A FORT MADISON (Indiana) bridegroom fainted the other day, while standing up to be married. On being rallied about it by his friends afterward, he naively said, "Well, you see, it suddenly occurred to me that, owing to our divorce laws, my wife might give me the slip before I'd secured her property!"

THE Indians have adopted the emotional insanity plea as an excuse for spontaneous homicide. One of them, when recently arrested for the murder and scalping of a few white men, being asked to account for his eccentric conduct, said, "Me heap crazy. Me too much crazy."

COUNSEL (to witness)—"Now, sir, what is the character of the plaintiff in this suit?" *Witness*—"Her character is slightly matrimonial." *Counsel*—"What do you mean by a slightly matrimonial character?" *Witness*—"She's been married seven times!"

AN Illinois paper urges its subscribers to rally and slay a wolf that has recently killed three dogs and fifteen sheep. The editor exclaims, "Is the spirit of Israel Putnam dead in this community? If so, then its survivors had better emigrate!"

REHEARSALS of fashionable weddings having met with success, and become profitable to the professors of the art, some enterprising undertakers have set about maturing a scheme for the rehearsal of fashionable funerals.

"IN London no man thinks of blacking his own boots!" said a haughty Briton once to the late Mr. Lincoln, whom he found polishing his calfskin gaiters. "Whose boots does he black?" quietly responded Uncle Abe.

A GROCER had a package of sugar returned to him the other day with a note stating that "it contained too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

"MOUNT VESUVIUS never sleeps," said Joseph. "Yes," replied Jacob, "but it is always just on the point of sleeping." "How so?" "Because it's always yawning."

THERE is an orator in the South-west who "desires to sound the tocsin of alarm in the ears of freemen, till his voice shall be heard from the Colantic to the Exsific!"

THE hay crop must be a failure in some parts of Lower Canada, as it is reported that the grasshoppers there have got lame hopping from one blade to another.

TOBACCO juice is said to be the best extirpator of potato bugs; wherefore farmers in Illinois invite their neighbors to "chewin' picnics" in their potato fields.

WHY is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? Because it is first cradled, and then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

A CHICAGO bridegroom is reported to have worn "a diamond pin in his shirt bosom, and a sardonyx smile on his brow."

THE most important needlework ever done in the world is supposed to have been done by the mariner's compass.

A GERMAN songstress is said to touch high G with great ease and power. That speaks well for her hygiene.

IT is an error to imagine that women talk more than men. They're listened to more—that's all.

THRASH your corn as much as you please, but don't pull its ears off; that's brutal.

IF you want an indoor dress to last for ever, never wear it out.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A POOR woman died a few days ago, in Brooklyn, from intemperance and destitution. Her husband, who had failed to contribute anything toward her support, disappeared from the house immediately after her death, leaving three little girls with the corpse. The two eldest, one eleven, and the other seven years, also left the house, leaving a little girl three years old with the body of her mother. When found, the little one was clinging to the body, and was nearly famished.

A SHORT time ago a lady living in East Fallowfield, Penn., set a hen to hatch out some ducks. In a few days the hen and her brood of ducks wandered down to the Brandywine, into which the ducks plunged, the hen of course being greatly troubled. Presently an old drake came along, who, considering the youngsters were giving their mother too much trouble, took hold of the young duckies, one at a time, and carefully carried them out on the bank and delivered them to the hen.

A MAN living in Washington county, Ky., recently placed a pistol in the hands of his little son, aged seven years, and ordered him to shoot his step-daughter, who was an idiot and caused a great deal of trouble. The boy fired, but missed the idiot and struck another sister, inflicting a mortal wound. There is a great deal of excitement in the neighborhood against the step-father, who has escaped.

THREE years ago, a Gloucester lady made her husband promise that he would give her each day the five cent nickel pieces he had in his pocket, and on his birthday, a few days since, she surprised him by making him a present of a handsome gold watch, costing upward of $100, which she had purchased with the money thus obtained.

A MAN named Eugene Paffrath, living in San Antonio, Texas, recently blew his wife's brains out with a shot gun, and then placing her body on the bed, laid himself by her side, and putting the muzzle of the gun, which he had reloaded, in his mouth, pulled the trigger with his toes, and blew his own head nearly off.

A YOUNG man, twenty years of age, got on the top of a car of an excursion train, on the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, a few days ago, and as he was capering about to show his fearlessness, the train suddenly darted under a bridge, which struck him a crushing blow and inflicted a mortal injury.

A SEALED glass bottle was recently picked up on the western shore of Block Island, and found to contain a piece of paper, on which was written, with apparent haste, "Struck an iceberg at 12 M. to-day. Ship sinking fast. No hope. John Haudervllle. Ship Alice, Liverpool, April 7, '72."

A BOY aged sixteen, living at Williamsburg, N. Y., committed suicide last week by shooting himself. He had been a cripple from his childhood, and when on the streets other boys would ridicule him, which so affected him, that in a fit of despondency he committed the rash act.

A GENTLEMAN living in Paradise township, Penn., recently lost three children—all he had—in three successive days, by a singular disease which baffled medical skill. It began like scarlet-fever, but soon turned into convulsions, followed by speedy death.

FOUR children, at ages varying from two to ten years, were horribly burned in Memphis, the other day, by the eldest kindling a fire with coal oil. One died an hour after the accident, the second and third soon after, and the fourth the next morning.

AN estimable lady of Bethel, Me., committed suicide on Thursday last by taking chloroform. She lost her only child two months ago, and grief so preyed upon her mind as to unsettle it. She left an affectionate letter bidding her husband farewell.

AN eagle recently picked up a spring lamb at Addison, Vt., and flew off with it easily, but a charge of shot broke one of his wings, and he had to come down, when he was caught, after a sharp struggle, by the owner of the lamb.

AN old man, seventy years of age, while repairing a residence at Fort Scott, Kan., fell from a scaffold, thirty feet in height, on a pile of stones that lay beneath it, injuring him, it is feared, fatally.

MAINE boasts of a horse-thief eighty-four years of age, who is just out of his third term in the State prison, and is active, wide awake, and ready for the stables and pastures of the Pine State.

DURING the week ending Saturday, June 29th, no less than eighty-three persons were killed in the United States and Canada by railroad collisions and steam-boiler and chemical explosions.

THE HORSES I RIDE.

BY GRACE H. HORR.

I've horses to ride, sir, as well as my friends;
And quite a variety, too, I have got;
All harnessed according to character, sir:
Some spurred, some check-reined; some with bits, and some not.
And as from my friends not a fact I will hide,
Sometimes my horse leads, and sometimes I'm the guide.

First Honesty comes, with his clear, steady eye;
Well built for his inches—not graceful, but stout:
I give him the reins, and am shaken and thumped
Away o'er a terrible rough, rugged route!
But still I'm content, for I plainly can see
He brings me, at last, to the place where I'd be.

But Oh, you should see me when mounted on Pride!
Just mark her arched neck and her soft flowing mane;
Her nostrils dilating—and look at her eye!
What curb or what check can her ardor restrain?
O, well, I confess that is true—but that's all—
When mounted on Pride there's a chance of a fall.

Humility's next—such a slow, quiet nag;
She ambles away at a cool, even pace.
'Tis *not* always pleasant to get upon her;
She never would try for the cup in a race.
You're safe, that's the best, if on her you should ride,
And some persons think she is worth more than Pride.

And now I will show you an uncertain horse,
With ears standing up, and with eyes staring out.
He's good, but won't do for a journey all through;
He needs both the spur and check-rein: his name's Doubt.
A curious thing, sir, he is, when you ride,
For ever he's shying and starting aside.

But here's Ideality—favorite and best!
My charger who bears me away from the Night—
Away from the sorrows and cares which oppress—
Away to the soft, glowing vales of Delight!
In fact, I may say, I can go where I wish—
Can soar with the eagle, or swim with the fish!

Then Fashion is next; she's Frivolity's foal:
I keep her because—why, because—I don't know!
I've tried her, and tried her, and thought she might do;
She's pretty enough, if she acted—so so!
There's no satisfaction in riding that horse;
Capricious and stupid, she grows worse and worse.

Here comes little Fidget! She's gentle and kind;
But Oh, such a ride as on her you would get!
All wrong, both the saddle and stirrups and reins:
You are hungry and cold; you are dry, you are wet.
I think I may say, though it sounds rather queer,
That Fidget was foaled by the Atmosphere!

But here comes my fast-trotting horse, little Hope—
So handsome, yet carries the heaviest loads.
On her you just feel like a *millionaire*,
So smoothly you're borne o'er the roughest of roads.
The slightest restraint upon her will be right;
The thing to remember is—how you *alight!*

Ah, this is a pony you'll surely admire!
She goes at a gait that is easy and free:
Such soft, gentle eyes, and a cream-colored coat;
She's willing and kind, and is named—Charity!
I notice, whenever this pony I ride,
I'm greeted with kindness on every side.

The last on my list is my splendid horse Will:
He gallops or trots, or can amble at ease;
He needs a slight check—not a spur, nor a whip:
If managed aright, he will go as you please.
But what a magnificent team you can see
When Will is in harness with Charity!

◆

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

HONOR AND DARREL MOER.

Honor Glint, as we shall continue to call our young heroine, notwithstanding the fact that she was now legally entitled to another name, was in no state of mind to return immediately to the Red House, and to encounter the prying eyes of Mrs. Glint and Miss Milner. She longed to creep into some solitude and hide herself from every one. Her brain was in a tumult; her soul seemed on fire. She hurried on and on, eager to place yet greater distance between herself and the chapel in which her ill-considered marriage to Darrel Moer had taken place, yet not seeing any one whom she met, nor knowing whither she was going.

Her faithful maid hurried after her, half running to keep up with her, and terrified and apprehensive, frequently casting back glances over her shoulder, as if fearing pursuit.

"Oh, Miss Honor," she pleaded, as the steps of her young mistress flagged at last, and the slender figure began to droop wearily, "dear Miss Honor! Let me call a cab. Let me take you home."

Honor half turned her head. She had drawn her tiny dotted net vail over her face, but Lucky could see that her young lady's face was white as death, and that her black eyes were burning like twin fires.

"I—I cannot go home yet, Lucky," said Honor, in a faint, gasping voice. "I must go in somewhere and rest. I—I am tired!"

They were now in a wider and more fashionable street, at some distance from the chapel. A few steps from them, as Honor thus came to a half halt, was a pastry-cook's shop, with a little parlor in the rear fitted up with tables for the use of customers. Here tea and coffee and light refreshments were served to weary lady shoppers, and Honor had visited the place several times in company with Mrs. Glint and Miss Milner. Her glance caught the little gilt sign now, and she moved toward it and entered the shop, her maid closely following.

The shop was occupied at the moment by two or three customers, but Honor passed into the little rear parlor, which was untenanted at the moment of her appearance, and sat down at a small table in the farthest corner, by a window which was fitted with panes of ground glass. The maid, in compliance with Honor's request, sat down at the same table.

A shop-girl came in and desired to know to what the lady would be served. Lucky, with a glance at her pallid young mistress, ordered coffee for two. It was brought; the shop-girl returned to her counter, closing the door, and Honor and her attendant were left to themselves in the little dim, chilly parlor.

Lucky pushed the cup of hot coffee toward Miss Glint, entreating her to drink, but Honor laid her face upon the table, and a silence like that which enthralls the dead fell upon her. The maid was awed and frightened. She fidgeted in her seat, and presently began to cry softly.

"Oh, Miss Honor," she whispered, her alarm increasing with every moment. "Speak to me. I am afraid this will kill you. How you loved Mr. Moer!"

Honor half raised her head now, and shook it slowly, as she said, in a piteous voice:

"No, Lucky, I did not love him, but I trusted him, believed in him, and—and I liked him. But I did not love him."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the maid. "He is a bold, bad man, Miss Honor. How could he curse the bride he had just led from the altar? He finds you in his way now, Miss Honor, and he wants to marry this great Yorkshire heiress. Do you believe, Miss Honor," and the girl's voice sank to a scared whisper, "do you believe he will kill you?"

"People do not kill those whom they hate in Mr. Moer's rank in life," answered Honor wearily, and with terrible bitterness, "else I think he might kill me. He is quite capable of so doing, I believe, only he might be restrained by cowardice. This has been a bad morning's work, Lucky, and I feel in my soul that this marriage is but the gateway through which I have entered upon an endless trouble."

"What shall you do, Miss Honor?" asked the maid hesitatingly and tremblingly. "You are legally Mr. Moer's wife. If you would permit me to offer you a suggestion, I would say that it might be well for you to go directly to Lord Waldemar and tell him your story, and ask him to see that justice is done you."

"What could Lord Waldemar do for me?" demanded Honor, in a low, suppressed voice. "Can he give me back my freedom that I cast from me this morning for this man's bonds? Can he give me back my light heart—my betrayed trust—my gay hopefulness? Ah, no, no! He would force me to live with his nephew, perhaps; and I would rather die than be a wife to Darrel Moer! He would compel Darrel to support me, and I would perish with hunger before I would accept a penny from Darrel Moer! I want nothing of Lord Waldemar or his nephew. Oh, if this cruel, hateful marriage could be undone! If I were only back where I was this morning!"

"If the marriage is not acknowledged, if you never live with Mr. Moer, nor bear his name, nor accept his money, then are you legally his wife?" asked the maid.

"Yes," said Honor, with a pitiful moan. "If I never set eyes again on Darrel Moer, I am yet his wife. Oh, Heaven!"

The maid trembled before the wildness in the dusky, tearless eyes, and in the lovely white face, but she said:

"Miss Honor, the clergyman leaves to-morrow upon a mission to Africa. The old clerk is deaf, and looks not long for this world. If Mr. Moer wanted to destroy all evidence of the marriage, he can easily do so. If he should destroy all evidence, would you still be his wife?"

"Ah, yes, Lucky. The destruction of all evidence cannot affect the validity of the marriage. The fact of the marriage remains the same, although all proof of it be gone. Those words ring still in my ears: 'Whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder.' God heard our vows, Lucky, and the marriage is registered in heaven."

A perplexed expression upon Lucky's face gave place to one of shrewdness.

"If that's the case," she said, "you are leaving everything in Mr. Moer's hands, Miss Honor—your good name and all. You can't marry any one else, because you are already married. How will you prove to Captain Glint that you have been married at all? Suppose the marriage register you signed to-day should be burnt up or lost, where would you be? It would be terrible to be married and not be able to prove it—to live under a shadow always, and to have people talk scandal about you, and avoid you as something unclean. Dear Miss Honor, you must have some proof of the marriage in your own hands, as well as upon the register book. May I leave you for a few minutes, Miss Honor? I am your true friend, and I'll never desert you while I live. You can always trust your poor Lucky. Will you let me go now for a little while, and wait for me here until I come back?"

Honor assented, and her maid arose and departed. She paused in the shop to tell the attendant that her young mistress was tired and faint, and would await her return from an errand, and she begged that she might not be disturbed nor intruded upon. Then she hurried out, found a cab, and hurried toward the chapel she had so recently quitted with her mistress.

On her way she encountered Darrel Moer alone in a cab, but he was too much absorbed in watching the passers on the pavements to notice the occupant of the passing cab. He had sought Honor in the streets nearest the chapel, but not finding her, he had concluded that she had taken another vehicle and returned to the Red House. He was on his way thither at the present moment, in pursuit of her.

It was past twelve when Lucky Banner drove up to the chapel door and hastily alighted. The door was yet open, and the maid entered the dim little edifice, and hurried up the aisle.

The clergyman, the clerk and the pew opener were still in the chapel, and so also was Bing, Darrel Moer's valet. He had found no opportunity to abstract the leaf of the marriage register, although he had diligently sought it. The clerk had kept vigilant watch over the important volume, and had himself consigned it to the rickety safe, putting the key in his own pocket. Bing had also had no opportunity as yet to conceal himself in the church, and at the moment of Lucky's entrance there was a baffled expression upon his face that betokened his inward annoyance.

The clergyman had laid aside his canonicals, and was now ready to depart. He turned a glance of surprise upon Lucky as she approached him, recognizing her as one of the witnesses of the first of the three marriages he had solemnized that morning. As she had an evident intention of speaking to him, he waited to hear her communication.

"If you please, sir," said Lucky, her anxieties and perturbations giving place to a certain awe of the austere-faced clergyman, "my young lady forgot to ask for her marriage lines, and I am come back for them. You are going to Africa, sir, and start to-morrow, and the marriage register might get burnt up, or lost, or something, and so, if you please, sir, my young lady would like a certificate of her marriage."

The clergyman smiled as he replied:

"It is not very probable that the chapel books will be burnt up or lost, my good girl, but your young lady shall have her 'marriage lines' all the same, if she desires them. All who were present were witnesses to the marriage. Be good enough to follow me to the vestry."

He led the way, the clerk, the pew opener, Lucky, and even Bing, following.

The clergyman produced some printed forms from his desk and proceeded to fill them out from the entry in the register, which the clerk produced for the purpose, carefully locking the book again in the safe and restoring the key to his person. The clergyman then read aloud the certificate of marriage and signed it. The clerk, the pew opener and Lucky Banner appended their names as witnesses. The clergyman called upon Bing to sign his name also in the list of witnesses, and the valet, not being able to refuse, complied with the command.

Thrusting the important paper—whose very existence was to be a source of peril to Honor Glint—into her bosom, Lucky expressed her fervent thanks and departed swiftly, entering her cab at the chapel door, and returning to her young mistress.

The clergyman, the clerk and the pew opener all emerged into the street, and Bing was forced to accompany them, his design unaccomplished. The chapel door was securely locked, and Bing walked away, sullen and baffled, to communicate with his master.

Lucky Banner found her young lady still seated at the little table in the dim little back parlor of the pastry-cook's shop, alone, and with an indescribable look of desolation on her pale young face. Lucky held out to her the marriage certificate in silence. Honor took it, opened it, and as she comprehended its purport an expression of loathing curled her lips.

"The time may come when I shall be glad to have this bit of paper, Lucky," she said bitterly; "but just now it is hateful in my sight. I will keep it as a future guard and defence from evil tongues."

She secured the paper on her person, and arose, adding:

"I cannot alter my fate, Lucky, and must accept it as it is. I must bear the trouble I have brought upon myself as best I can. I have schooled myself to bravery and to calmness, and am now ready to go home."

"One word first, Miss Honor," said the girl, trembling. "Are you going back to the Red House as Mrs. Darrel Moer?"

Honor's black eyes flashed with a sudden anger at the very name which now legally belonged to her.

"I shall never bear that name, Lucky!" she exclaimed, in a contemptuous voice; "never—never! I am Honor Glint still to the world. Though I am wedded, I will never be a wife: I will never be known by *his* name. Come, Lucky, let us go home."

The maid settled the small account, and followed her young mistress out to the cab from which Lucky had so recently alighted, and which she had ordered to wait. They entered, and were driven to the Red House.

Leaving Lucky to dismiss the cab, Honor walked slowly up the lawn, and passed into the open house door into the hall. Mrs. Glint had evidently discovered her absence, and been lying in wait for her, for she came out of the dining-room, the door of which was exactly opposite that of the drawing-room, just as Honor began wearily to mount the stairs.

Mrs. Glint's face was flushed; the gay ribbons of her black lace head-dress flying; and her face wore an expression of mingled suspicion and curiosity.

"You are out early, Honor," she exclaimed. "And I see that you have been at the extravagance of a cab. Of course you have been looking out for a situation as a governess, but I should think you would prefer to go somewhere where you are not known—to Manchester, for instance, or to Liverpool, or better still, to London. Every one in Bolton knows Captain Glint, and every one who knows you believes you to be the Captain's own daughter. You might have some regard for me and poor Clarette. We do not want to be disgraced by your teaching in the same town with us."

"I shall never teach in Bolton, Madam."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mrs. Glint, immensely relieved. "But where have you been—dressed in such style too?"

Honor's face whitened perceptibly, white as it already was, and Mrs. Glint's sharp eyes detected the increase of pallor.

"You will excuse me, Madam; I cannot tell you," the young girl said quietly.

"What! You cannot tell me where you have been this morning? I am amazed. You have some secret from me. I am your guardian, and stand to you in the place of a mother. I command you to tell me the cause of your absence from my house this morning."

"Again I decline to tell you, Madam. You have withdrawn your care and guardianship from me, have dismissed me coolly, as if I had been some froward servant, from the house I have regarded as my home all my life, and in which I have been always treated as a beloved and honored daughter; and in so dismissing me and casting me off, you have of course no longer claim upon my confidence."

A look of open and undisguised enmity toward Honor disfigured the face of Mrs. Glint.

"You are very high and mighty, Miss," she exclaimed. "You can understand that to-morrow you leave this house for good. I won't stand your impudence after to-night."

Honor bowed gracefully, and resumed her weary ascent of the stairs. At the sixth step she was halted again by Mrs. Glint, who cried out:

"You've had a call during your mysterious absence, Miss. Mr. Darrel Moer came tearing up to the Red House half an hour ago in a cab, and the horse belonging to it was dripping with foam. Mr. Moer asked for you, and seemed upset when he heard you were not at home. He looked quite ill, but said he will call again. If you play your cards well, you may get him to take compassion on you and marry you."

A spasm of pain convulsed Honor's features. Unable to bear more, she sped up the stairs to her own room. A little later, her maid joined her there.

"I couldn't come up before, Miss," said Lucky apologetically. "Mrs. Glint stopped me in the hall and asked me where you had been this morning, and when I refused to tell her she gave me warning to leave the house to-morrow morning."

"It is as well," said Honor drearily. "We will go together, Lucky."

The young lady had already removed her wrappings and her dainty walking suit, and had thrown around her a white cashmere dressing-gown. She was lying upon her luxurious blue satin couch at the moment of Lucky's appearance, her pale cheek and golden kinks of air pressed close against the pale blue satin cushion.

"Where are we to go, Miss Honor?" inquired Lucky, after a pause. "Am I to stay with you?"

"If you wish to," replied Honor. "I may not be able to pay you as papa has done, Lucky. I am no longer Miss Glint of the Red House. I am turned out to earn my own support, and I do not wish, with this new trouble upon me, to see poor papa again at present. I should only make him trouble. He would seek out Mr. Moer, and there would be a fight, and papa might get killed or hurt, and there would be a scandal. No, no; I cannot wait somewhere for papa's return. I must provide for myself. I feel very forlorn and desolate, Lucky, but if you choose to cling to me I will divide my last penny and my last crust with you. But it is my duty to tell you that you can easily get a good place and regular wages."

"I will never leave you, Miss Honor," ejaculated the maid, her eyes filling. "You are the best friend I have in the world, and I would rather starve with you than to be maid of honor to the queen!"

This decision was final, and Honor no longer sought to combat it.

"Leave me to myself a little while, Lucky," she said softly. "I want to think. Don't go out of the room, though."

Lucky sat down in the recess of the oriel window with her sewing. Honor, lying at full length upon her couch, endeavored to face the realities of her position, and to frame her plans for her future.

An hour thus passed.

The house-maid then came up with the announcement that Mr. Darrel Moer had again called, and was desirous of seeing Miss Glint. Honor dismissed the servant, and went to her little portable desk and wrote a brief note, of which the following is a transcript:

"Miss Glint declines to see Mr. Darrel Moer now, or at any future time. She begs Mr. Moer to consider the acquaintance terminated. While regretting with all her heart that it is not in her power to return to Mr. Moer his absolute freedom, she begs to say that she will never be an incumbrance to him in any manner. She declines his name, his assistance, and will be careful never to betray to the world the unfortunate tie which exists between them, unless compelled to do so in self-defence."

This missive was hastily sealed, and Honor sent it down to Darrel Moer by the hand of her own trustworthy maid.

Mr. Moer was pacing the drawing-room impatiently, his eyes fixed upon the door, unheeding the questions of Mrs. Glint, who was convinced that some mystery had arisen between him and Honor, and was all eagerness to probe it, when Lucky came in. He snatched the note from her hand and read it hastily. Then a dark flush overspreading his Italian looking face, he laid the note on the fire and watched it burn to ashes.

"Tell Miss Glint," he said, with a look in his sinister eyes that made Lucky shiver, "that it would have been better for her had she seen me. Stay, girl, I will send her a written answer."

He drew out his note-book and scrawled upon a leaf of it these words, full of dark and deadly menace:

"What happened this morning is to remain a secret. Breathe it to a human soul at your peril."

He gave this message into Lucky's own hand, and watched her from the room, preventing Mrs. Glint from following and intercepting it.

"You will be kind enough to explain this mystery going on in my own house, Mr. Moer," said Mrs. Glint angrily. "What did that girl write to you? And what did you write to her? I demand an answer."

Darrel Moer's lips curled haughtily as he replied coolly:

"I am afraid, my good soul, that you will have to languish in ignorance. Permit me to wish you a good-morning!"

He bowed and withdrew. Mrs. Glint, conceiving herself grossly insulted, gave a scream that brought her amiable daughter and her house-maid to her assistance, and to these sympathizing listeners she proceeded to recount the insult she had received, and to impart to them her suspicions that Miss Glint had part in some horrible mystery, and that "she dared no longer expose her innocent Clarette to the contamination of association with a girl who was the Lord only knows who, and would turn out the Lord only knew what!"

Mr. Darrel Moer went down the lawn in no very pleasant frame of mind. His cab was at the gate, and at the very door of the cab was his man Bing, evidently awaiting him. He had not seen the fellow since leaving him at the chapel, and his dark face lightened a little as Bing hastened to open the gate for him.

"Have you got the leaf out of that register?" demanded Moer, in an undertone.

"No, sir. It was impossible," answered Bing. "The clerk did not once lose sight of it. And I couldn't hide in the church, sir—"

"Get me the leaf, if you have to lurk about Bolton a week in order to obtain it," interposed Moer fiercely. "The record in that register of this morning's madness *must* be in my hands! You hear, Bing? Break into the church by night, if that's necessary. You've done worse things!"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"I leave for Yorkshire by the first train. My whole future depends upon destroying the evidence of this morning's mad folly. I'll double the reward I offered you. Follow me to Floyd Manor when you can place the stolen leaf in my hands."

"But, Mr. Moer—"

"I won't hear any objections. You can do it, and you must do it. My life, and your future, depend upon getting possession of that simple leaf."

With a wave of his hand, Darrel Moer sprang into his cab and drove to Lynshire Place, to prepare for his journey.

Bing looked after his master with a perplexed face, muttering:

"He wouldn't let me tell him about that marriage certificate that girl got, and perhaps it's just as well he didn't. I can make something out of that by and by. I'll earn my twenty guineas first. He's an odd one, Mr. Darrel Moer, and even I can't fully understand him. He was raving mad this morning after Miss Glint. He would throw himself away upon a sea-captain's daughter, and yet at the very altar he wants to get loosed from her. What news did Mr. Carrington bring him that changed him so suddenly? What new deviltry is he up to? He's that fickle I never expected to see him married to any woman, and here he is tied and wanting to break loose before he leaves the chapel! I wouldn't be in that young woman's boots for a fortune! He means deviltry. I know Mr. Darrel Moer."

CHAPTER X.

A MAN WORTH WATCHING.

We will now, after our long but necessary digression, return to Floyd Manor and its inmates.

Upon the evening of Miss Floyd's arrival—the evening before the hasty and ill-starred marriage of Darrel Moer and Honor Glint, it will be remembered—after writing the letter to Moer, at Lord Waldemar's command, announcing the advent at the Manor of the heiress, his lordship's business manager Grimrod took an early leave and departed.

But he did not immediately withdraw from the house.

He found the great central hall of the dwelling, which was one of those grand baronial halls such as are still to be found in various ancient houses in England, and large enough to quarter half a regiment without inconvenience, untenanted for the moment. The arrival and installation of Lord Waldemar's acknowledged granddaughter and successor had created quite a stir throughout the household, and the hall porter had slipped from his post and descended to the servants' hall, intent upon gossip. Taking advantage of this circumstance, Grimrod glided up the wide staircase, upon which six ladies in modern costume might walk abreast, and hurried along the upper hall to the door of Miss Floyd's private parlor.

Here he knocked softly for admittance. Mrs. Watchley, the portly sandy-haired attendant of Miss Floyd, came to the door with her gold eye-glasses astride her beak-like nose, and looked out upon him.

"Ah, is it you, Mr. Grimrod?" she asked, in a low and guarded voice. "I expected you. Come in."

"Is—is Miss Floyd within?"

"No, she is three rooms distant, with the doors all closed between—closed, locked, and double-bolted," said Mrs. Watchley, somewhat grimly. "She has a fit of the sulks. You need not fear to enter. Miss Floyd will not show herself again to-night."

Grimrod looked about him quickly and shot himself into the rose parlor of the heiress, his quick movement not capable of being described by any other term. When inside the chamber, he turned the key in the lock, saying:

"What's the matter with the future Baroness Waldemar? Why is she in the sulks?"

Mrs. Watchley shrugged her fat shoulders, as she replied:

"It's her way. When you get to know the young lady better, you will learn that she has the most singular fits of sullenness without cause, and that she is one of the most obstinate of human creatures. Just now she thinks she has a cause. She is angry that Lord Waldemar should have retained me as a sort of companion to her and chaperon over her. She has just informed me that I was only a servant hired to nurse her by the late Mrs. Floyd, and that she will not be chaperoned by a hired servant. She declares that I shall not be her companion. She informed me that her 'Waldemar pride' revolted at intimate association with a woman who had been her hired nurse."

"She must be heartless."

"Heartless! She is heartless—heartless as a fish. I have watched over that girl all my life. I have known no joy apart from her. It has been my constant anxiety to train her for the position in which she is now installed, and she knows this. Yet in the very hour of her grandeur, she coolly turns from the faithful heart that loved her despite all her faults, and stabs me to the soul. She does not want to be reminded by my presence that she has not always lived at the Manor and been waited upon by a retinue of servants."

"All these things will right themselves in due time," said Grimrod. "The girl is giddy to-night from her sudden elevation. The discovery that she is the granddaughter of a baron, and will be herself a baroness some day, has turned her head. Sit down. I came up to speak to you upon another subject."

Mrs. Watchley obeyed, sinking into the nearest seat.

Grimrod leaned one hand lightly upon the centre-table and looked down upon her. His lean, tall figure seemed even taller than usual, and with his close-fitting black garments, his long, thin legs seeming too long in proportion to the upper portion of his figure, his thin, sharp, and evil face, he looked more than ever like the German pictures of Mephistopheles.

"I suppose," said Grimrod, his wafer-like lips growing thinner as they widened in a strange, sneering smile, and his keen eyes fixed upon the lady in a piercing gaze, that seemed as though it would bore its augur-like way to her very soul, "that you know what manner of man is Lord Waldemar?"

"Yes, I have heard."

"He is proud as Lucifer, cynical, distrustful, full of bitterness and hatred since the hour his son deserted him for the daughter of his enemy. He is hot-tempered, wicked and passionate, full of sneers and impatience."

"You have told me all this before."

"It will bear telling again," said Grimrod, his face as impassive as if carved from wood. "You must learn it by heart. He is more than I have described. Under the frost and snows of all his pride and cynicism, he has actually a heart that longs for love! He yearns for affection, although he would not own it. It seems as if he had a heart of stone. In reality he is as capable of tenderness as a woman. Let this girl try to win his love. Let her cling to him with caresses. Let her run to meet him—sit at his feet—make much of him—and he will grow to idolize her so that he will not be able to lose her out of his sight."

Mrs. Watchley arched her brows after the manner of a French woman.

"You don't know Hilda," she said. "It would be a hard task for her to fawn upon his lordship in that manner, for she hasn't a grain of real tenderness in her nature, and her feigning would show its real character."

"But I tell you she must do it," said Grimrod coolly. "You must teach her all these little arts, and teach her to feign skillfully, because his lordship is as keen as steel. He idolized his only son, but that son disobeyed and mocked him by taking to wife the daughter of his lordship's enemy, and he banished him and suffered him to die abroad in poverty and despair. He never forgives nor forgets. He will suspect his granddaughter to be artful and treacherous, and will avoid her at first; but if she works aright, she can win his love. But even when she has won it, let her beware of offending him. If she should venture to love a man he does not approve, or if she marries against his will, he will become her relentless enemy."

Mrs. Watchley drooped her face, but Grimrod saw that her gold eye-glasses upon the bridge of her nose suddenly quivered, as if from some quick contraction of the muscles under them.

"I will inform Hilda of your warning," she said briefly.

"I noticed, when his lordship offered some such hint to-night, Miss Floyd betrayed agitation," said Grimrod calmly. "Why was that?"

"How can I know? Probably he frightened her."

"But why should such a threat frighten her?" persisted the manager coldly. "Has Miss Floyd ever had a lover?"

Mrs. Watchley changed color.

"I dare say she has," she answered. "Hilda is a pretty girl, and her vanity is something monstrous, like her obstinacy. Of course she attracted attention at Innsbruck, and had lovers; but she is not betrothed to any one, and has no entanglement of any description. As she has no heart, she cannot grieve for any one she has known and has left behind. She is heart-whole, you may rest assured of that."

Grimrod was not more than half satisfied.

"Every girl above fourteen has lovers," he remarked; "but the love is of the calf description in most cases. If Miss Floyd has no heart I am the better pleased with her, and the more hopeful about her future. A woman with beauty and without heart can make of herself what she pleases. You are sure she left no lover on the Continent who will follow her to England?"

Again Grimrod saw that the eye-glasses mounted upon Mrs. Watchley's nose trembled, but she answered quite calmly:

"I am quite sure. I have been the most careful of duennas, and Hilda will never give Lord Waldemar the slightest cause for displeasure."

"That is well," said the manager. "School your charge as I have directed. Don't mind her tempers, and don't let his lordship suspect that she is not an angel. I have a letter to post to-night and another letter to write, so I must be off."

After a few further words, he took his departure, flitting like a shadow down the stairs.

The hall porter was still absent in the servants' hall, and Grimrod put on his great-coat, muffler and hat, and let himself quietly out at the front door, without being seen.

He hurried down the wide avenue, pausing midway its length to turn and look back at the house with gloating eyes.

It was an extensive old mansion, built of gray stone, and consisted of a massive central building three stories in height, and tall tower-like wings connected with the main edifice by one-storied buildings, along whose fronts ran charming arcades. It was a grand pile, and was one of the "show-places" of the county.

"Whoever reigns here and owns also the Waldemar estate ought to be happy above all others," thought the manager appreciatively. "*I would sell my soul this night to Satan if* I might be Baron Waldemar, and owner of Waldemar House and Floyd Manor and all the rest of the Waldemar belongings. But since *I* cannot be Baron Waldemar—"

He paused, with an odd laugh and an odd gleam in his eyes, and turned and hurried down the avenue like one whose evil schemes have prospered, and who is well content.

He passed out at a small gate beside the lodge, having a private key, and hurried along the road in the gloom of the March night to his own home. There was a path through the Manor to his house, but it led through the park, which was unusually dark to-night, and he preferred the public road.

His house was a pretty, ornamental brick cottage, in the midst of handsome grounds. He let himself into his dwelling with his pass-key, removed his outer garments, and went to his library, or office, as he preferred to call it. Here he wrote that second and confidential letter which reached Darrel Moer with the other upon the following morning, in the vestry of the little Bolton chapel, directly after Moer's marriage to Honor Glint.

The letter written, the manager rang his bell, and ordered his horse to be saddled and brought to the door immediately. Then he again equipped himself for the outer air. The hour was not yet late, as he saw by glancing at his clock, and there was time to catch the late night mail if he hastened.

Taking his letters—the one Lord Waldemar had dictated, and the one he had himself written—he mounted his horse and rode swiftly to the nearest post-village, three miles distant. He was in time to catch the mail, and rode homeward at a slower pace, and with a strange exultation in his heart.

"I rather think," he said to himself, "that Mr. Darrel Moer has been employed in making love to some pretty 'Lancashire witch,' but he'll start for home on receiving that letter. Lord Waldemar may have designs of his own for the settlement of his granddaughter. I presume he has. There is but one man in the world he really esteems and trusts, and that man is young, rich, and well connected, a Cornish baronet of ancient family. I feel it in my bones that he will want Miss Floyd to marry his favorite, young Sir Hugh Tregaron. But I have determined that she shall marry Mr. Darrel Moer. The girl may have some idea of her own in the matter. But the end will be that I shall triumph. I am the showman who pulls the wires to move all these puppets, and no one knows the fact but me. It is I who rules the Waldemar succession!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

◆

EXTENSIVE OWNERSHIP.

Hans Vanderspłocken bought a piece of land in the city, and upon it he proposed to erect a building that should serve him for a store, a manufactory, and a dwelling. When he came to strike out for the cellar he directed the mason to go several feet deeper than had been planned.

"But," expostulated the architect, "you are going deeper than I ever heard of."

"Very goot," replied Hans. "I shall go shoost ash deep as I blease. I owns te grount all de vay t'rough!"

His answer to the expostulations of the builder was equally pat and ready. The building had gone up four stories, and Hans ordered another story.

"But, my dear man," said the builder, "do you realize how high you are going? Your building is already a full story above those around it."

"Never you mint de oder houses, mine friendt. I puilds ash I blease mitout caring for dem. I vants on dat oder shtory—*land ish very scheap oop dare!*"

C.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former* as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR TERMS FOR 1872—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10, which is $2.50 a copy; eight copies, $20. The party who sends us $20 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective towns, can afterwards add single copies at $2.50. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money-order can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. The postage on the *Ledger* to all parts of the country is only twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered.

☞ We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Murdering to Save Money—Railroads the Instruments.

People sometimes commit murder to make, or acquire money. They kill a man for the purpose of robbing his person, or plundering his house, or destroying a will which would deprive them of a heritage.

Such a sordid motive is regarded as adding to the heinousness of the highest of crimes; and murder perpetrated for gain is looked upon as exceeding in loathsomeness even the same offence when prompted by a less selfish object.

But do we not see men enjoying the respect of the community who cause the slaughter of their fellow-men for the sake of saving expense in the conduct of their business? Of all the terrible destruction of human life which takes place on railways, a very large part is attributable to a false, narrow, niggardly economy in the construction and the running of the roads. Heavier rails, superior materials; more reliable and better skilled, and consequently more expensive help: these are what are needed to render travel by rail comparatively safe.

A few days ago we had the announcement on one morning of "A Railroad Holocaust," in which fifteen were killed outright and "sixty-five fearfully scalded" on the Grand Trunk Railroad in Canada, and a "Terrific Collision between two trains going at full speed," on the Pittsburg, Washington and Baltimore Railroad, by which three persons were killed, and about twenty wounded.

We pronounce the economy which results in these accidents criminal in a high degree, because it destroys human life; and we pronounce it false and mistaken, because it costs more than it saves.

The mere replacement of the property destroyed cannot be made without a very large expenditure; then there is the liability to heavy damages in suits for injuries; and finally—what is, perhaps, most important of all, in a pecuniary view—there is the effect to diminish railroad travel.

We believe this last point has not received the consideration to which it is entitled from railroad men. Formerly a person would feel almost ashamed to express apprehension of danger from riding in the cars, lest it should be regarded as indicating excessive timidity; now you hear it talked about on every hand. Men arrange their business with care to avoid any unnecessary exposure to this risk; and even in the pursuit of pleasure, the conversation of tourists shows that the danger of being killed or scalded or bruised on the road is one often present to their thoughts, and it is a most serious drawback on the enjoyment of travel.

No precise estimate can be made of the percentage by which travel is diminished by the dread of accidents; but it is certainly very considerable.

We believe that railroads will be steadily rendered more and more safe, because the demand, in the public sentiment, is so very strong that they should be. Men of scientific acquirements and inventive talent will devote their efforts to meeting this requirement. Rails will be made—and indeed, on most roads, they are already being made—of steel instead of iron. Cars will be constructed on improved models. More careful modes of operating roads will be contrived and adopted.

It is plain that public opinion is growing more and more exacting of railroad managers; and those who are incompetent, or who are indifferent to the slaughter or the suffering caused by these constantly recurring calamities, will have to retire from their undeserved places of trust. And to promote this desirable result, in every case where the culpability is clear, the condemnation should be outspoken and unsparing toward the guilty ones.

A Youthful Criminal.

We do not recollect an instance of an execution at an earlier age than nine years. That was the case of a little boy in England. But according to the accounts in the papers, there seems to have been a willful murder committed in Wisconsin by a boy aged only seven! He induced a playmate, who had irritated him, to go with him into some bushes, where he deliberately shot him with a pistol which he had previously obtained from his father's office. He then went home and said he had killed a rabbit. An hour later, a person riding past was attracted by the groans of the wounded child, who lived long enough after he was found to tell who shot him.

Another Death from Overwork.

MR. SAMUEL A. WYLIE, one of the proprietors of the Lancaster (Penn.) *Intelligencer*, died recently, quite suddenly. The *Columbia Spy* says of him:

"With all the details of a largely increasing business, demanding constant attention, he frequently complained of being an overworked man. He gave himself no relaxation from toil, and there is good reason for believing that his system was much weakened by the severe strain upon it."

How they do Things in Texas.

A sheriff in Texas having a warrant of arrest for three noted horse-thieves and desperadoes, secured the assistance of a couple of stout-hearted friends and three blood-hounds, and started to hunt down his game. The fugitives, being veterans in crime and adepts in trickery, planned to have one of their number, named Drayton, loiter on the road, in the disguise of an honest traveller, so he would be overtaken by their pursuers, and be able to throw them off the track. Drayton was overtaken, but instead of throwing the pursuers off the track, he was detected by the keen and suspicious sheriff, handcuffed, and then ordered, on pain of death, to lead the way to the rendezvous of his companions. He obeyed, but managed so that the approach of the sheriff was discovered by his comrades, who attempted to flee. The pursuers at once charged headlong upon the horse-thieves, and the blood-hounds rushing upon them also, they were overtaken, torn from their horses, and captured without much difficulty. The sheriff then set out to conduct his prisoners to jail; but the inhabitants, having no faith in the prison's capacity to hold the villains safely, turned out and hung them by the road-side, after first binding the sheriff and his assistants. After a lapse of twenty minutes, the three bodies were cut down and buried in one grave, and then the sheriff and his companions were allowed to go home.

The Cost of the Campaign.

It is estimated by some of the political managers of the country that the coming Presidential campaign, in all its bearings and ramifications, will involve an outlay of sixty millions of dollars. Forty-five millions is the sum estimated for the Administration party, and fifteen millions is the allowance made to the opposition. This seems to be a most unequal division, but those who profess to understand such matters say that it usually costs a party in power about three times as much as it does a party out of power to carry on a Presidential campaign. This enormous estimate includes the fight all along the national line, and all the State, Congressional and minor contests besides. It covers the entire field, and embraces the expenses of all parties, from the outlays of the "general committees," to the pickings and stealings of the meanest bushwhackers and camp followers on either side. In such a contest the party purse must be held by no niggard hand. Greenbacks must come down in showers to slake the thirsty soil of the political plains, and fertilize them into a plentiful yield of votes. How long can our institutions survive such a shameless use of money?

Retirement of Sugar Refiners.

We regret to learn that Messrs. R. L. & A. Stuart, who for forty years have been carrying on the business of refining sugar in this city, and have always stood at the head of this trade, are relinquishing the occupation altogether. It is true that they are among our wealthiest citizens, and can retire with ample fortunes, but the absence of their name from the familiar quotations seems almost like a personal loss. We learn that their immense establishment will be sold or converted to other uses.

We copy the above from the *Journal of Commerce*. It is said that the moving cause of the retirement of the Messrs. STUART was their unwillingness to adopt the new modes of adulterating sugar. It is very creditable to them.

Speaking of the adulteration of sugar, we are reminded of the man who returned a barrel to his grocer with the remark, that it wouldn't answer any purpose whatever—there was too much sand in it for table use and not enough for mortar.

Result of Pardoning a Burglar.

At Buffalo PATRICK MORRISEY killed his mother, by stabbing her with a butcher knife, through the breast which in his infancy had nourished him.

Young MORRISEY had quarrelled with Mrs. MORRISEY because she would not give him money. He had returned from sea only a week before. He was once convicted of burglary, and sentenced to State prison for three years, but after serving out seven months of his term was pardoned by the Governor on the petition of his mother, whom he has now slain.

It seems to us misdirected clemency to pardon a convict whose crime is of so deliberate a character as burglary.

The Will not Always as Good as the Deed.

[From the Whitewater (Wis.) Register.]

One of the legal fraternity of this place had the satisfaction, a few days since, of eating a dinner which had, in part at least, been intended for a brother attorney. Lawyer number one was seated in his office, when a boy of agricultural appearance doffed his hat at the door and presented a package which he said his mother had sent. He was duly thanked for his mother, and retired. The package proved on examination to contain a well-developed chicken of some fine variety, Hamburg, Cochin, Dorking, or so forth. It was nicely dressed, large, heavy, and all right and the next day was the object of attention for an hour or less at the lawyer's dinner-table. In the afternoon, as he sat in his office, the mother of the boy appeared, and anxiously inquired if he had been the recipient of a chicken, giving an accurate description of the one which has figured so extensively in this item. A bland response in the affirmative was given, when the old lady exclaimed that she knew there was a mistake when the boy told her what was said when he handed over the chicken, and that she intended it for another party. The fortunate person who had profited by the mistake could see no way to help the case at that stage, and the benevolently inclined proprietor of the fowl could not either, so she hunted up the intended recipient of her gift, told him of his loss and of her good intentions, and left him thinking how much more satisfying the deed is than the will.

Used Up by Overwork.

[From the Albany Knickerbocker.]

Mr. J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Central Railway, sailed for Europe the other day, for a little rest, though not before threatened softening of the brain, nor before grave doubts among his friends of his recovery. Col. Thomas A. Scott, Vice-President of the Company, has been ordered by his physicians, it is said, to abate his labors, if he would live. The second Vice-President of the road has been sent to an insane asylum, his faculties having been impaired by the severe strain upon them and the absence of all relaxation. Other employes of the gigantic Company are represented as worn out by constant toil. A more forcible commentary on our national tendency to overwork could not well be made. Over-anxiety and overdoing are the physical and mental curse of our people.

Carelessness in the Use of Poisons.—Another Warning.

[From the Annapolis (Md.) Republican.]

A case of poison occurred at one of the public schools of this county, a few days ago, by which several of the younger scholars of the school came near losing their lives. It appears that one of the scholars was bitten by a dog that frequented the school-house, for which she took some bread spread with poison for the purpose of destroying the intruder, which she placed in her desk; it was taken out and devoured by some of the schoolmates, who soon realized its effects. A physician was sent for, who administered to them the proper remedies, and probably saved their lives, though it is thought they are not yet out of danger. This should be a warning to parents allowing their children to have access to deadly poisons.

WHAT MONEY CANNOT DO.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Many, many things can money do. It can transform the wilderness, drain the morass, cover the desert with blossoms, rear up suddenly splendid dwellings where only hovels were before, fill them with sumptuous furniture, fill them with delicacies, fill them with flattering friends. But though money can do almost all things, it cannot make young trees old, nor old folks young. Here am I surrounded with old, old elms, huge in trunk, with vast branches, each large as a tree, stretched out afar, to gain some light and liberty, and yet all feeding by the same root. One looks up into this vast canopy as into the nave of a cathedral; yet no cathedral was ever so beautiful. What architect would dare stretch out stone as these branches do? With their immense weight, they lie upon the air as seemingly light as a feathery spray. Run your eye from their summit back to the trunk. What immense leverage! Upon these huge arms winds play and storms have wrought. Out of these rude and shapeless things storms have even evoked music. All along the weather-open spaces, moss in green patches lies along the rugged boughs, poor and weak in itself, yet able, of its mere beauty, to add grace to this giant tree. It is too high for singing birds, which love lower trees and shrubs; but squirrels live here, having homes in the holes left in the branches where storms have broken off former companion boughs.

Mighty as this tree is which throws its protecting arms over the house, it was once a riding whip, which when used for an hour was stuck into the ground, took root, and behold, here it is! I look enviously upon this and its companion trees. No money can build such as these. Nature cannot be bribed to furnish them to order. While waiting for them we die! One should have ancestors. No matter about what they put in their wills, if only they will plant enough trees, which, when we come along, shall be old and huge!

Young trees and young men are got up too nicely—trim and snug! Only when a tree opens its top, and lets the sunlight clear into its very centre, does it begin to be noble. Old trees! unlike old men, they have no infirmities. Their strength does not depart, and their glory abides! Happy are they who frolic under them in childhood, and who sit in old-age calmly beneath their shadow. We give out something of our life to the things which surround us. And trees, water-brooks, beetling rocks and dwellings register our thoughts of sorrow, or our great joys; and, in after years, we recall much of our inward experience from the voiceless teachings of inanimate things!

MY SECOND SUMMER IN NEWPORT.

Well, New York, I rejoice that I am out of you. It is true that I shall have to drive after a carpenter this afternoon, to make me some flower baskets; and thence to engage grocers and milkmen and butchers, and what not, to start us off for the summer housekeeping. That done, I shall let things wriggle; lie off on my oars, and listen to the bird-singing when I can get my eyes from off the blue ocean, which so fascinates me from this lovely eyrie of a window, which I wouldn't part with for thousands of dollars. You are welcome to come and take a seat there with me, any time when I am not writing. I'll even give up my favorite chair to you; and you may take a seat beside me in my phaeton while I try my new horse, and we will get our necks broken together sociably. Or I will walk on "The Cliffs" with you, and compute how much beauty of earth and sea and sky a rich man's purse may buy; and then, if you want to moralize, you can compute how poor he may *really* be with it all.

Houses and cottages have sprung up like magic since I was in Newport last year. And no wonder; for earth has no lovelier spot in all her broad acres. The gardens and pleasure grounds are without a flaw, or if they have one, I have not seen it. O the restful, deep velvety green of the lawns! and the brilliant tints of the flowers, scattered lavishly wheresoever a bright sunbeam may bring forth their beauty, springing from door-ways and gate posts, and nestling from under the very eaves! After the noise and dirt and grime of the city, how inexpressibly soothing and heavenly it is, by contrast! I gaze and gaze till it seems as though, in my miserly eye-grasping, I dreaded lest one lovely tint, or beautiful form of leaf or flower, should have escaped me.

The gay birds of fashion still linger in the cities, pluming their feathers for their summer flight here. Let them look well to their laurels, where Nature can so outdo them every hour in the twenty-four, magnetizing us at every step; filling our eyes with happy tears, and our hearts with love and sweet thoughts, and longings for the unbroken purity and peace and harmony of which this is but the faint type.

Mr. BONNER, you should come to Newport. Newport never will invite you, because, though many horses prance here, Newport don't wish to be "Startle"-d by Dexter, or "Dexter"-ed by "Startle." For that very reason, and as owning *Ledger* stock in these two animals, I insist upon your early appearance with them. FANNY FERN.

[From the Paterson (New Jersey) Guardian.]

Wonderful Surgical Operation.

One of the most remarkable cures on record has been nearly effected upon the person of Miss Hattie Thomas of Waterbury, Conn., who was scalped in a button manufactory, over a year ago, from the nape of the neck to the eyeballs, so that the skull was laid bare. Death was expected, and almost hoped for, as the only relief which could come to her; but the doctor, noticing that she rallied from the first prostrating effects of the accident, determined to experiment with the French process of "skin grafting," and after the head had been brought into a healthy state of suppuration, he made the first attempt, taking the "seed skin" from the patient's arm. The result was admirable, but exhaustion was induced by the new wounds, and a supply of skin had to be taken from other sources. The nurse of Miss Thomas kindly volunteered. The doctor, delighted with his success, applied the knife to his own arms; and many young lady friends came forward and sacrificed portions of their own skins for the salvation of their suffering sister. Over one hundred separate pieces made up the new scalp, and Miss Thomas has *souvenirs* of her friends much better than bed-quilt blocks, or even locks of hair.

Meeting of Two Old Men after a Separation of Fifty-Nine Years.

[From the Clarksville (Mo.) Sentinel.]

During the entertainment of the editorial convention at Booneville, it was our pleasure to witness a remarkable reunion of old men and veterans. Capt. Elihu H. Shepherd of St. Louis and Mr. A. W. Mack of Booneville met after an absence of fifty-nine years. They parted last on the banks of the St. Lawrence river, in the year 1813, and met again on the banks of the Missouri in 1872. They were both at Albany in 1807, both participated in the battle between the British and Americans at Christler's farm on the St. Lawrence in 1813, and both were passengers on the first steamboat, with Fulton, and both witnessed the evacuation of Canada by the American army.

THE NAKED TRUTH.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[A little volume of Fables in verse, and in the Spanish language, by José Rosas, has met with such favor in Mexico, that the city authorities have adopted it as a reading book for schools. The following is a translation of one of the fables.]

Beautiful Truth, once in the days of yore,
Put on the brave array
Which then the goddesses of Hellas wore,
And issued to the day
Robed in such sort, with graces so divine,
That men, adoring, built to her a shrine.
The gods, indignant at the sight,
Rose in defence of their invaded right.
"Horror and infamy," they cried,
"And profanation!" and they came and went,
Pacing the ambrosial courts from side to side,
Till a wild tumult filled the firmament.
Jove, to appease their fury, left the skies,
And quickly stood before
The shrine of Truth, determined to chastise
The sacrilege: he tore
From her the regal mantle which she wore,
And stripped the robe away,
And flung to Falsehood's hand
Mantle and robe to serve for her array,
And gave to Truth this terrible command:
"Be thou forever naked from this day."

And therefore, reader, let not Truth be blamed,
If, evermore since then,
She hides in corners, humbled and ashamed,
And rarely seen of men.

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

There is an impression prevalent that to establish a periodical is one of the most difficult of all things. It *is* difficult, if the periodical does not meet a public want, or satisfy the public taste. It *is* difficult, if the editor has no message for the public. There are periodicals now existing in this country upon which a great many thousand dollars have been expended, and yet they do not yield a profit. In fact, mere money is strangely powerless in forcing a periodical which has not in itself a self-impelling principle. We often hear people say that to start a new daily paper in New York would require a capital of two millions. I say, No. Given the right editor, and he would want no more money than would be requisite to provide printing material, and keep the paper going one month; but get the wrong editor, and two hundred millions would not make it a paying enterprise.

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, started in 1832, in frugal and poor Scotland, reached a sale of fifty thousand at the first number. Of the third number eighty thousand copies were sold; and for many years the circulation remained at about that point. And this great success was attained without any but the most ordinary advertising, and in the teeth of powerful competition. The explanation of the mystery is, that the originator of the enterprise knew his public, knew his business, and provided the very best three half pence worth of entertaining and suitable literature which could be obtained. They had something to communicate to the people of the British empire, and they said it in the best way to reach, instruct and please the average mind. Probably these brothers were the means of awakening more intellect from sloth and torpidity to an interest in science, literature, art, and humanity, than any other two men of their generation. It will, perhaps, interest the reader to know how their own minds were quickened.

They were born and brought up at the quiet old-fashioned Scotch town of Peebles, where their father was first a weaver, afterward a storekeeper, of small substance and smaller ability. Born about 1800, they could remember the time when Bonaparte and his doings were the universal topic, when all but rich people in Scotland used wooden plates and horn spoons, when some gentlemen still wore cocked hats, and almost all life was simple, homely and slow. Books were so scarce in Peebles that one man was rather distinguished in the town because he possessed a copy of Josephus, which he would take with him of an evening when he visited his friends, and treat them to a few pages, reading it by the light of a blazing coal fire. The boys remembered his coming in, with this book under his arm, when some one would accost him thus:

"Weel, Tam, what's the news the nicht?"

"Bad news, bad news," Tam would reply. "Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem; it's gaun to be a terrible business."

Then he would open his volume, and read three or four pages, till he had wrought the family up to the highest pitch of interest and excitement, when he would break off, and take his book to another house. The famine endured by the besieged Jews, as William Chambers reports, "kept several families in a state of agony for a week; and when Tam in his readings came to the final conflict and destruction of the city by the Roman general, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror." None of the listeners were more interested than these two brothers.

The schools they attended were of the rough, severe kind then in vogue. The nations of the world were at war; party politics were savage; children were flogged and scolded unmercifully; and they, in their turn, fought one another, robbed birds' nests, pelted cats, and fought dogs. A mother would bring her boy to school, and dragging him forward to the teacher's desk, address him thus:

"I've brought you our Jock; mind ye lick him weel."

An injunction which the schoolmaster was pretty sure to comply with. These two boys, however, picked up the rudiments of knowledge at school, or at least acquired the arts which enabled them to get knowledge for themselves. But their real school was their father's garret.

"Roaming about there one day," says Robert, "in that morning of intellectual curiosity, I lighted upon a copy of the fourth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica—stored there in an old chest, for want of room down stairs—and from that time all my spare time was spent beside the chest. It was a new world to me. I felt a profound thankfulness that such a convenient collection of human knowledge existed, and that here it was spread out like a well-plenished table before me. What a gift of a whole toy shop would have been to most children, this book was to me. I plunged into it. I roamed through it like a bee. I could hardly be patient enough to read any one article, while so many others remained to be looked into."

He read through the whole Encyclopædia in order, which gave him delicious intellectual employment for a year. It was education to him; and the more valuable because there was no attempt at school to impart to the pupils any knowledge of history, geography or science.

The bankruptcy of their father compelled the family to remove to Edinburgh, where he obtained a situation which gave them an insufficient maintenance. William was apprenticed to a bookseller, while Robert remained a while longer at school. The apprentice served five years at four shillings a week, and upon this sum he not only lived, but *saved!* His lodging cost him eighteen pence a week; his food, one and nine-pence; so that he had nine-pence left for all other expenses. He swept the shop; he performed much other menial labor; and besides doing the usual errands, he sometimes had to deliver as many as three hundred circulars in a day. He always felt that he was "mercilessly overtasked;" but he saw no way so honorable as to submit to the hardship of his lot, and he afterward thought that he learned some valuable lessons from the severe experiences of his apprenticeship. But the moment he had faithfully served out his time, he struck for independence.

Some time before, family circumstances having compelled his brother to abandon his dream of a college education, and to do something at once for a livelihood, the two brothers, on a certain peaceful Sunday afternoon, being seated on a grassy knoll overlooking the sea, had a long consultation together, as to what Robert should do. William's suggestion was, choke down all false pride, and set up a book-stand in the street. But Robert objected that he had not the capital even for so humble an enterprise.

"I have thought of that," said William, "and will show you how the thing is to be done."

His plan was for Robert to take all the family books, a dozen or two in number, which were never used, and only in the way, and place them for sale on a stand in front of a small store, William undertaking to add out of his savings, one or two cheap pocket Bibles. The experiment was tried, and succeeded. Beginning at a little shop at six pounds a year, with a place in front for a stand, in a year, during which one of them had lived upon the profits of the establishment, Robert found that his stock of books had increased to the value of twelve pounds. So successful was the attempt, that as soon as William had served out his time, he set up a shop and stall precisely similar, in the same street, and had the same slow, sure success.

The keeper of a book-stall has a great many idle hours, particularly upon rainy days, when no one will stop in the street to look at a book. To employ these hours profitably, William determined to set up as a printer; to which end he bought for three pounds a small old printing press, and "thirty pounds' weight of brevier type, dreadfully old and worn."

He taught himself to set type, and soon undertook the prodigious enterprise of printing and publishing a small pocket edition of Burns' Songs. It was a most tedious drudgery; for with his small font he could set up no more than eight pages at a time. Months were employed in printing an edition of seven hundred and fifty copies, during which he had to pull the press twenty thousand times. The retail price of the work was one shilling, and he cleared nine pounds by the operation, with which he increased his stock of material. Little by little he became a prosperous publisher, moved into better quarters, and ventured upon larger works.

Robert, in the mean time, while pushing his business with success, became a student and writer. He wrote some volumes upon the antiquities of Edinburgh, and other works, which gave him practice and standing in literature, won for him the approval and friendship of Sir Walter Scott, and prepared him for the glorious career which his elder and robuster brother was preparing for him.

The era of cheap periodicals in Great Britain was 1831, when the agitation for political reform had given a certain mental activity to the multitude. A great number of cheap weeklies started into existence, edited for the most part with the scissors, made up of clippings, old stories and stale jokes. William, Chambers, dealing in periodicals of this kind, thought that he could produce something better. He thought a periodical could be sold for three half-pence, which should be at once entertaining and instructive, original and adapted to the time; a work which should bring home to the great middle class the truths of science and morals, as well as the picturesque and more agreeable aspects of human life. He consulted only one man, and that was his brother, who promised assistance, but disapproved the project. William, however, held to his idea; and on Saturday, February 4th, 1832, the first number of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal appeared. Robert soon joined it, and wrote for it, in all, four hundred of those sprightly, pleasant, humanizing essays which gave it character and made it so welcome.

"The only principles," Robert Chambers once wrote, "on which I have been guided—as an editor—are, as far as I am aware, these: Whatever seems to be just, or true, or useful, or rational, or beautiful, I love and honor; wherever human woe can be lessened, or happiness increased, I would work to that end; wherever intelligence and virtue can be promoted, I would promote them."

In the spirit of these words—which every editor might profitably copy into his pocket-book and read once a week—these two excellent brothers conducted their journal, and in so doing attained fortune and honor for themselves and carried the light of knowledge and the warmth of good feeling into thousands of homes every week for forty years. So popular was the Journal among the Scottish shepherds, who were scattered, in some counties, at the rate of one to every four square miles, that a copy would be passed from one to another until it was all worn out in the service. The first who got it would read it and place it under a designated stone, whence the next would take it, and after reading it put it under another stone for the next man.

An Ohio Farmer, about to Die, Discloses His Hidden Treasure.

[From the Tiffin (Ohio) Star.]

About two weeks ago, John Creeger, a wealthy farmer living near Hopewell Centre, died after a sickness of several months duration. He was aware for some time previous to his demise that he could not live long, and two days before his death he called his daughter, Mrs. Henry Miller, to his bedside, and informed her that in a certain place in the cellar she would find a quantity of gold coin, and that in his pocket-book would be found a paper explaining where other valuables could be found. Last Saturday the appraisers of Mr. Creeger's estate met at the residence, and upon receiving the paper alluded to they proceeded to make an examination of the premises. In one side of the cellar wall they found a small archway carefully concealed, which upon being opened revealed an old tin cup, a boot leg, and other articles, each of which contained a quantity of gold coin. The money was wrapped up in pieces of silk, all of which had partially decayed, thus showing that it had been deposited several years previous to Mr. Creeger's death. In this "hole in the wall" was found $985.80. In another place in the house was found $130 in gold coin, $28 in silver, two $500 Government bonds, and a $100 railroad bond, making in all $2,743.80 which was hidden away, and of which none of the family, including Mrs. Creeger, had any knowledge until the revelation which Mr. Creeger made to his daughter. As before stated, Mr. Creeger was in good circumstances, and no reason can be assigned for this strange act. A few years ago he purchased a new farm, and borrowed money to pay for it, at eight per cent. interest, at the same time having his gold safely stored away.

Experimental Hanging—A Narrow Escape.

[From the Sandusky (Ohio) Journal.]

A clerk in a dry-goods store in this city, a few days ago, went into the cellar with a little boy, and playfully undertook to illustrate the *modus operandi* of hanging by stepping upon a box and adjusting a cord around his neck, which cord happened to be suspended from a beam above. When he had done this, to his great surprise, the little rascal, who stood near, thinking to have the bill filled, kicked the box from under the feet of the clerk. One loud screech—he could not have given a second one—brought assistance from the store above, and he was extricated from his perilous position. He will not hereafter, even for the sake of science, give any more exhibitions on the tight rope.

Cows Interlocked by their Horns.

[From the Poughkeepsie Press.]

A few days since, Mr. R. C. Mead and Mr. T. J. Denton, living near neighbors, in Wawayanda, each missed a cow from his dairy, and after a search occupying portions of three days, they were found in a piece of woods with their horns so interlocked that it was found impossible by ordinary means to part them. Finally a saw was procured, and after cutting off a portion of the horns of each animal they were separated. An argument for Short Horns.

Fatal Effects of Lightning.

[From the Champaign (Illinois) Union.]

A son of David Mitchell, of Lawndale, thirteen years of age, while watering a span of horses, on Friday evening last, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Both horses were killed by the same bolt.

Big Story about a Small Boy.

[From the Illinois Union.]

A six-year-old boy in Griggsville, while playing hide-and-seek, the other day, by mistake jumped into a well thirty-three feet deep, without sustaining any special injury.

A VISIT TO THE CLERGYMAN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I'm only a sailor, Chaplain,
And I humbly makes my bow;
And I'm come, beg pardon, to ask you
Kindly to tell me how:
How to be getting to Heaven,
How to be living here?
Which, I beg your pardon, Chaplain,
In your sarmon doesn't appear.

Them there fine p'ints o' doctrine,
Every double-reefed word,
You sarves 'em out to us liberal,
Glib as ever I heard.
There isn't a larneder Chaplain
Under the sun, I bet;
But there's something in religion
I haven't come at, as yet.

You see, there's navigation,
And it has its big words too,
But the eend o' them all, Mr. Chaplain,
Is what the sailor must do,
When the sky is blue above him,
In calm or in north-east gale;
There's a rule for plumb line and anchor,
And a rule for wheel and for sail.

And it strikes me, begging pardon,
That religion, as one may say,
Is a sort of navigation
To guide a man on his way;
And if now and then a fellow,
Beating against the gale,
Knew just exactly his duty,
He'd be less apt to fail.

There's times when men will quarrel,
There's times when women will scold;
Trial, temptation and trouble
Come to the young and old,
And double-reefed words don't help us,
Nor doctrinal points, one bit;
And we can't take one o' your sarmons
And say jest here it will fit.

And so I've come to you, Chaplain—
I'm afeard you'll call me bold;
But I want some kind of an anchor
Of a sarmon, my soul to hold.
And you have studied religion,
As I navigation, you know:
Give me my orders, Chaplain,
And according to them I'll go.

The clergyman took the Bible
In his hands so soft and white,
And a tear in his bright eye trembled
As he laid it under the light.
"Perhaps, in the pride of our learning,
Not always the cost we count,"
He said, and opened the pages
At the "Sermon on the Mount."

* * *

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By **WILLIAM HENRY PECK,**
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PAPER EXAMINED.

The paper contained nothing.

That is, there was nothing folded within it; but still, clear and legible, could be seen written upon its unsoiled side the Lord's Prayer, inscribed there in four languages by Mercita the negress, twelve years before, and signed Mercita.

There was nothing else.

"I have won, noble Senor," said the pawnbroker. And then to himself, "Ho, ho! have I not always believed that it is unlucky for me to destroy or throw away anything, no matter how valueless it may be or seem, that I find in second-hand garments. See! By letting that miserable scrap of paper—a mere scribbled half sheet—remain in the old vest, I have gained—ha, ha!—two thousand reals! Ho, ho! a very fair price for the old vest of a dead convict!—or rather, as the vest is still mine, two thousand reals for the Lord's Prayer."

"And I have lost," was the remark of the Senor, as he unfolded the paper and saw that it contained no note.

But the next instant he startled violently to his feet, uttered a cry of wonder, held up the paper so that the full glare of daylight fell upon the written lines, and seemed rather to devour them with his eyes than to be reading them.

His hands, his arms, his whole frame trembled so violently, that the lines danced into a mist before his staring eyes.

He was thus for a moment, and then he sank rather than sat upon the stool from which he had started up, and leaned his head upon the counter.

"Diablos!" thought the attentive shabby man. "The loss of two thousand reals, and the not winning of ten thousand did not ruffle him beyond a shrug of his shoulders, as he said, 'And I have lost;' but something he has read in that paper has made him leap up, cry out, tremble with fear or surprise, and capsized him altogether! Now, what is that paper? Is it something about Sancho Perez, the 'lucky?'"

"Come," thought the amazed pawnbroker, "this is strange! It is only the Lord's Prayer, and yet the Senor is as much affected as I should be in having my death warrant suddenly thrust upon me! As much upset as I should be were Sancho Perez to seize me by the throat and demand the property he left in my charge!"

Then in his softest voice, and respectfully touching the hand of the Senor, as it rested on the shop counter, with the paper under it, he said:

"The noble Senor is ill?" and at the same moment he tried to slide the paper imperceptibly from beneath the Senor's palm.

The Senor lifted his head and sat erect, and permitted the pawn-broker to gain possession of the paper.

"A sudden illness," he said. "I shall be better presently;" and folding his arms, he sank his chin upon his breast and gazed moodily at the floor.

He sat thus for a moment; no longer trembling, but utterly motionless, as if in profound thought, or as a man that has received a stupendous shock, from which only perfect immobility of nerve and sinew can recover him speedily.

"Pooh!" thought the pawnbroker, after he had stared at the written lines, "it is but the Lord's Prayer. Yet I always thought, when I did think of the matter, that it was very strange that such a grand rascal as Captain Sancho Perez should have carried such a thing in the lining of his vest. The captain had faith in nothing, except in his luck; and that was magnificent until Senora Isadora Raymundo—whoever that was—put the blood-hounds of the government on his trail. Perhaps he was, after all, superstitious, and carried this prayer, in four languages, as a supposed charm—a kind of talisman. But why did the sight of it so affect the Senor? He need not try to deceive me. He started as if stabbed in the hip, cried out something, and stared at the paper as if he were gazing at a miracle. A sudden illness, he says! Bosh! The paper is still mine. He can have it by paying for it. It is of no use to me. Pish! not if it were in all the languages of the earth—yes, for then it would command a good price as a curiosity! Oh," he added aloud, as the Senor arose, "you are better, noble Senor?"

"Perfectly well, shopman," replied the Senor. "I am subject to such attacks. But I have lost and you have won two thousand reals. But let me hear that story you were going to tell me of Sancho Perez and the never discovered Senora Isadora Raymundo."

"Diablos! still harping on Sancho Perez and Senora Isadora Raymundo!" thought the shabby man.

"Certainly, noble Senor; and will you be seated? No? Well, here is the story," said the pawnbroker, who had meanwhile slipped the Lord's Prayer into his desk.

He then told all that he knew of the arrest, trial and conviction of Sancho Perez, which was not even as much as we have made known to the reader, so far as the name of the mysterious Senora Raymundo was concerned. The pawnbroker, like all others, except Perez, Mercita and Isadora Raymundo—whoever that was—had no knowledge that the convicted slave dealer had received three letters from the Senora.

The Senor listened attentively, and asked a question now and then; but the shabby man continued to mutter to himself at every question:

"Diablos! the Senor does not deceive me. He has heard before all that Ruy Gomaza is telling him. He is plainly desirous of learning more than Gomaza could tell. Why? Who is he? Some officer of Spain disguised, and trying to find the escaped convict Sancho Perez? Or is he eager also to find Senora Isadora Raymundo?"

"That is all, noble Senor," said Ruy Gomaza, as he ended his story with the remark, "And I bought, at the government sale of the confiscated property of Perez, the old African Voodoo doctor, Syphaxo—that was the African's name—and with him that remarkable cane. That is all, noble Senor."

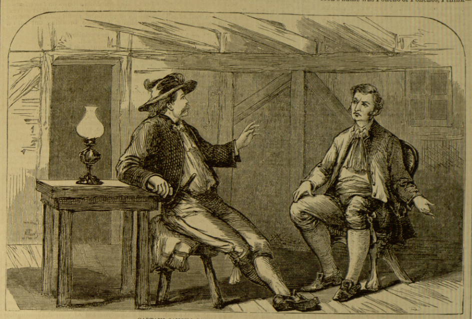
"But why is the name Isadora Raymundo scratched on this cane of the black Voodoo doctor, shopman?" asked the Senor, apparently having forgotten all about the paper.

"Oh, I asked old Syphaxo about that, noble Senor. He says that his former master, the captain, did that."

"Diablos!" muttered the shabby man, starting.

The others did not hear him, nor observe him.

"And why and when did Captain Perez cut or scratch the name on the cane of the Voodoo doctor?" asked the Senor.



CAPTAIN SANCHO PEREZ AND GOMAZA THE PAWNBROKER.

"Well, that I cannot say exactly, noble Senor. Old Syphaxo told me that one day—in fact, if I recollect aright, it was just before Captain Perez made his last voyage to New Orleans—the captain was in a terrible rage about something, and flew around his slave mart like a madman, cutting right and left with a heavy whip, and bidding all go search for the cook of one of his schooners—the cook's name was Poncho or Ponchos, I think—and when the captain came to Syphaxo he snatched the old fellow's cane from him, thwacked him on the head with it, bade him find Ponchos, and rushed into his private office with the cane. Old Syphaxo never saw that cane again until the *Doubloon* was brought into Havana from Cardenas by the government officials. Then Syphaxo found the cane; the captain must have carried it with him on that voyage to New Orleans, you see. Well, while the captain was in prison Syphaxo went to see him. Syphaxo told me that he asked the captain if he had cut that name on the cane. 'Yes, I did. No, I did not! Here, let me cut the name off,' said the captain, for he had sworn he had never heard of that name. But old Syphaxo hurried out of the cell, and so the name remained on the cane. And more—the old Voodoo used to say that the captain had been voodooed, that is, bewitched by that person, Isadora Raymundo, and that if the captain did not die in the mines, that name would be the death of him in the end."

"Diablos! Maledictions!" muttered the shabby man.

"So the negro Voodoo doctor pretended to be a prophet, shopman?"

"Of course! All Voodoo doctors pretend to be prophets, wizards, magicians, controllers of devils and diseases, and also to be able to make people sick, or even to cause them to die slowly but surely from the efficacy of Voodoo incantations."

"I will purchase this cane, shopman."

"Thanks, Senor."

"The price?"

"Suppose I say a hundred reals, noble Senor?"

The pawnbroker would gladly have sold it for eight reals, that is, a dollar, when the Senor first looked at it; but now he boldly fixed the price at a hundred reals.

"Suppose you say a thousand, shopman?" returned the Senor ironically.

"Ah, but, noble Senor, the cane is a very remarkable one. It has great memories associated with it. It has been the magic wand of a celebrated African necromancer, Syphaxo! I have seen him do wonderful things with that cane in his hands—perform wonderful cures!—terrify a mob of rebellious blacks by simply shaking it over his head! He had had it many years. He brought it from Africa with him. He was a king of Voodoos in Africa when Captain Perez captured him."

"Diablos! that is true," thought the shabby man.

"Syphaxo was permitted by Perez to keep his cane, his serpentine sceptre, when he was captured," continued the pawnbroker. "It had descended to him, he said, as an heirloom from many generations. It was 'fetish,' he said. He loved slavery with it better than freedom without it. Captain Perez gave him the authority of a viceroy in his great slave mart. Sometimes the captain had a thousand slaves for sale. He made Syphaxo his prime minister, his vizier to rule over them in the slave yards, and he let him retain that cane because the Africans feared it. Why? Oh, I do not know. Those barbarians of Africa have many strange superstitions. When the captain snatched that cane from old Syphaxo, as I told you, and hit him on the head with it, all the blacks who saw the act howled terribly, and threw themselves on their faces. Syphaxo told me it was to put dirt in their mouths, because of the great indignity that had been done to him and the cane. The cane was a kind of idol among the negroes. I bought Syphaxo when the government sold him, as I said."

"Why did you buy him?"

"Oh," replied Gomaza, with a lift of his shoulders, "to make money."

"To make money?"

"Yes, noble Senor. He made a good deal of money among the negroes, and from the superstitious whites also; especially from the sailors. He sold them charms against storms, shipwrecks and bad luck in general. He cured diseases by wonderful incantations, and he charged high for his services. He gave me half of his earnings."

"He was an old fraud. Diablos!" muttered the shabby man. "What a mass of nonsense about the cane of an old negro charlatan!"

"Here are six doubloons," said the Senor, placing the broad golden coins on the counter. "The cane is now mine."

"Thanks, Senor. The cane of the great Voodoo doctor Syphaxo, who was a king in Africa, is yours," replied the delighted pawnbroker, as he pocketed the coins.

"Have you a file, shopman?"

"A file? Oh—I have a file—the Senor sees it," replied the pawnbroker, taking a steel file from his desk and laying it upon the counter.

"What does he want to do with a file?" thought both the pawnbroker and the shabby man.

The Senor took the file, and with a few strokes of it erased the name that Sancho Perez had scratched on the cane after he had received the second letter—the letter given to him by Mercita just before he sailed with her in *The Doubloon*. He had cut it on the cane with no particular reason.

The shabby man could not see what the Senor was doing with the file; but the pawnbroker exclaimed:

"Ah, the Senor is filing out the name Isadora Raymundo. Why does the Senor do that?"

"Maledictions innumerable!" muttered the shabby man. "Why does he do that?"

"The cane is mine, shopman."

"Certainly, noble Senor."

"And I may do as I like with it?"

"Certainly, noble Senor."

"Then what right have you to ask why I do this or that with it?" demanded the Senor haughtily, and casting the file from him.

The Senor did not cast the file out of his hand as if the act were voluntarily done, but as a man might rid himself of a piece of iron that suddenly became red hot in his grasp.

The file clattered along the floor with the violence of sudden and vigorous jaculation, to the rear of the shop, and bounding upward as it neared the shabby man, wounded him in the hand—the bony right hand, as it rested on the counter.

"Diablos!" roared the shabby man, clenching his wounded hand and shaking it in the air. But instantly he began to cough violently.

Gomaza, pale and agitated, for he was very superstitious, replied to the Senor, who was moving his right arm to and fro, and opening and shutting his hand as a man does when his arm is "asleep," to restore its circulation of blood:

"The Senor of course can do as he pleases with the cane; but will the noble Senor tell me why he hurled the file in that manner?"

"I do not know. A remarkable and involuntary spasmodic convulsion of all the muscles of my right arm at the moment caused me to hurl the file from my hand; and now my whole arm tingles. It is very strange. But you are very pale."

In fact the vulture-like visage of the pawnbroker was of the most ghastly cadaverous hue.

"Bah! it is nothing. It can be nothing. It is simply a coincidence," muttered the pawnbroker; yet he trembled, was very pale, and snatching from the top of his desk a handkerchief, mopped his face with it, as if he were very hot and perspiring copiously. "Whew! how hot it is!" and here he fanned his face furiously.

He even turned to a basin, filled it with cold water, and bathed his face in it.

Then to the Senor:

"I will tell you something, noble Senor, and you will laugh. Syphaxo—that was the name Captain Perez gave to the old negro Voodoo doctor, old Syphaxo—he had another name, an African name, which I have forgotten—old Syphaxo pretended to be a prophet, and said strange things of what was to be. Sometimes his prophecies proved true, and sometimes they did not. Whew! how hot my face is!"

"And mine," said the Senor.

"And mine! Diablos!" muttered the shabby man. "And how my hand pains me! A million maledictions on the file, and the man that threw it!"

"And yet it is not a warm day, for Havana," continued the pawnbroker. "But as I was saying, old Syphaxo said he had a very imperative reason for not permitting Captain Perez, when the latter was in his cell, to erase or obliterate the name of Isadora Raymundo from the cane."

"Ho-ho!" thought the shabby man. "I wish to hear more." And he listened more attentively than ever.

"Well—the reason?" demanded the Senor.

"He said, noble Senor, that he had held an incantation over the cane after he had recovered it."

"That is, after Sancho Perez returned from New Orleans?"

"Yes, Senor. And that the result of his incantation or fetish was a prophecy. Ha! ha! the old fool! of course he lied."

"Of course. But the prophecy—the important reason he had for not permitting the captain to erase the name?" demanded the Senor impatiently.

"The prophecy was, noble Senor, that a fearful death would be the fate of the one that should erase the name, the owner of the cane at the time it should be erased, the one who should give or lend or sell that with which it should be erased, and the man whose blood should be shed when the name should be erased; and that only three, and not less than three, were to be present when the name was erased. Therefore, said Syphaxo, he did not permit the captain to erase the name, as he, Syphaxo, and the turnkey Riaz were in the cell at the time."

"Well, what has all this to do with the strange feeling I felt in my right arm just now?"

"Oh, Syphaxo said too, that the arm that erased the name should wither suddenly."

"But my arm has not withered," replied the Senor, as he brandished the cane in the air.

"Of course not, noble Senor. But what a coincidence that only three, and no less than three, have been present as you erased the name. But it is all nonsense—all mere nonsense. And besides, no man's blood has been shed as you erased the name. So the prophecy of Syphaxo amounts to a lie."

"To a lie, does it?" said the shabby man, in a husky voice, as he stretched forth his right arm toward the front of the shop.

Drops of blood from the wound made by the point of the file handle dripped to the floor of the shop, as the shabby man held his hand out.

"The point of the file has shed my blood," growled he; and then to himself, as he drew his tattered sleeve over the hurt, and resumed his former posture, he whispered, "Diablos! I do not like such strange coincidences!"

The pawnbroker stared, and trembled in silent and superstitious horror.

The Senor laughed a quick, short and scornful laugh, tossed a large silver coin toward the shabby man, and said:

"That will buy a salve for your hurt, fellow. You have been listening to us?"

"I was napping," replied the shabby man, in a hoarse and muttering way, "when the file hurt me. It does not matter. I have been drinking too much wine to more than feel a scratch like that," and he let his head and its shaggy hair and ragged hat sink heavily between his arms upon the counter.

"I will kick him into the street," thought the pawnbroker. "He is evidently drunk. I thought he was drunk when he came in—he seemed very vacant and stupid. But the Senor is about to go away. Oh, one moment, noble Senor!"

"Well?" asked the latter, who seemed just departing.

"Having purchased the cane—the wonderful cane, noble Senor," replied Gomaza, bowing—"the cane that used to belong to the negro Voodoo doctor, who used to belong to Sancho Perez, would the noble Senor not purchase the remarkable vest that used to belong to Sancho Perez?"

"I do not wish the vest, shopman."

"Nor that paper, noble Senor?"

"I think that paper should be mine, shopman, if I wished it, for already I have lost two thousand reals by it. It is simply the Lord's prayer, written in four languages, by a woman, doubtless, who signed herself Mercita."

"Diablos!"

The exclamation came so loudly and distinctly from the shabby man, that it was impossible for the Senor and the pawnbroker not to hear it perfectly.

"The fellow is swearing in his drunken sleep," said the Senor, after a quick glance toward the shabby man. "Well, shopman, where is the paper?"

But the pawnbroker was for the moment incapable of speech. Pale and weak all of a sudden again, he leaned against his tall desk behind the counter and glared, with eyes dilated with terror, toward the rear of the shop.

"The word was not uttered by that drunken tramp," he thought. "It seemed to thunder out from the extreme end of the shop, where all is so dark! And it was the favorite, the habitual expletive of Sancho Perez—and with his voice! It was his voice!—I say, my friend!"

The shabby man heavily lifted his head, and nodded it heavily as he half turned toward the pawnbroker.

"Did you speak?" demanded the pawnbroker.

"Perhaps I did—in my sleep. Let me have my nap out, will you? I will pay a real for an hour's sleep," said the shabby man, in a dull, growling, monotonous voice, and his head again sank between his outstretched arms on the counter.

The pawnbroker darted a volley of uneasy glances toward the dark background of his long, low, narrow shop, and toward the shabby man also, and then said to the Senor apologetically:

"I am very nervous this morning—pardon me, noble Senor. Is it true that Sancho Perez escaped from the mines at Almeida? You see, selling things that once were his makes me think of the rascal."

"Yes, that is very natural. He escaped, was captured, escaped again, and I heard a rumor, just before I left Spain, that he perished of hunger, or was shot—at least, that he was dead."

"Of course he is dead—he must be dead," said the pawnbroker, rubbing his hands briskly over each other. "I heard the same yesterday. A friend of mine, who always gives me the news from Spain, and everywhere else, told me so yesterday. Of course Sancho Perez is dead! I only wonder that he lived so long in those mines. But here is that soiled paper, noble Senor." And taking the paper from the desk, he placed it on the counter. "You may have it, noble Senor."

"Oh!" he added to himself, "I wish to be rid of it. It has been of good luck to me enough. If I sell it—what a strange thought!—if I sell it, I may then have bad luck—the luck of the man that sold the Author of that Prayer—I may hang myself on a tree. In fact, I do not at all like my sensations this morning. I am very nervous and shaky. And in an hour customers will begin to flock in; then I may be cheated, if I feel nervous."

"Whose figures are these?" here asked the Senor, who had been examining the soiled side of the half sheet.

"Diablos!" thought the shabby man. "Why is this stranger so inquisitive?"

"Figures, noble Senor? Ah, of course they must have been made by Captain Perez. You may even make out some of the items—eh?"

"Very little—but some; here is apparently the name of a firm—'Carriere & Vincent,' I think. Merchants of Havana?"

"No, no—of New Orleans, noble Senor. Very old and reliable house—wine merchants of New Orleans."

"Now?"

"Now, and at the time Sancho Perez was last there, and before too."

"Why, do you imagine, did a man like Sancho Perez carry the Lord's Prayer in his vest?"

"Oh, I do not know. He believed in nothing but luck, and he was very lucky until the unknown Isadora Raymundo put the hand of the law on him."

"Myriads of maledictions on Isadora Raymundo!" thought the shabby man.

"He must have obtained this half sheet in Havana or in New Orleans?"

"Very likely, noble Senor."

"I make out a connected sentence here," said the Senor, who had taken a microscope like that used by naturalists from his pocket, and with it examined the soiled and stained surface. "It seems to be, 'New Orleans, April,' and no more. As if he had begun to write a note to some one. Is it the writing of Captain Perez?"

"It is. I know it as well as I know my own, noble Senor. I used to have dealings and written correspondence with him—that is, before we all discovered what a rascal he was. I was one of the witnesses against him at his trial."

"And on the other side, at the top of the page," continued the inquisitive Senor, "in a female hand, but not the same in which the Prayer is written, are these words, 'Varlville Mansion, April,' and no more; as if the writer had there begun a note to some one."

"I have it," said the pawnbroker. "I remember now—in fact, it appeared at the trial—that he sold a negro or a negress, or a mulatto, in short, a slave, while he was in New Orleans, to a Madame Varlville—Madame Ruth Varlville, I think. So I now imagine he by chance picked up that half sheet while he was selling the slave, made those memoranda and figures on the blank page, and folding the paper up, put it in his pocket, where it has remained ever since."

"And therefore it is very probable," said the Senor, "that this prayer was written by some one who was at the Varlville Mansion in April of the same year when Sancho Perez was there last. Ha! our drunken friend is going out."

"A good riddance," said the pawnbroker, as the shabby man staggered from the rear to the front of the shop, holding his muffled face down, and then into the street.

"I say," called out the pawnbroker, "you have not bought the vest, as you said you would. The Senor does not want it."

But the shabby man only growled in reply, and staggered away.

"I am well rid of him," said the pawnbroker.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SHABBY MAN SEES A GHOST.

The shabby man staggered across the narrow street, and then looked back. The Senor was still in the pawnbroker's shop. The shabby man went on a few paces, and halted before the stand of a fruit-seller. Except himself and the owner of the stand, which was simply a box on wheels, filled with tropical fruit, no one was near.

The shabby man took an orange from the box, and the fruit-seller, who was a sharp-featured old Portuguese, called out:

"Now then! Drop that, my man, or drop its price—"

"See how I put my thumbs into it," said the shabby man ere the other could say more.

"Oh!" cried the fruiterer, as the shabby man sank both of his thumbs into the orange and tore it raggedly in twain. "That is a queer way to divide an orange."

"But not when there is a coin in it, which pays for the fruit."

"No. What then, my *friend?*" said the fruiterer, whose keen black eyes had sparkled with the recognition of one of the many singular secret signals in use among the thieves of Havana.

"This," replied the shabby man, as he slipped a gold coin into another orange, and laid the fruit upon the pile in the box.

The fruiterer at once shut down the lid of his box, locked it, and said:

"I serve."

All this had passed in less than a minute.

"Open the box," said the shabby man, whose glances had kept vigilant watch upon the door of the pawnbroker's shop. "A gentleman with a cane that was in Gomaza's shop window is to be followed until you learn where he sleeps, and all that is known of him in Havana."

The shabby man then walked away, and after a few paces, returned to the pawnbroker's shop.

The Senor was just coming out, being bowed out by the pawnbroker. The former, who carried under his arm the cane of the deceased negro Voodoo doctor, walked away without bestowing a second glance on the shabby man, who seemed very drunk.

The fruit-seller on the other side of the street seized the bar that joined the shafts of his hand-cart, and rolled the cart away; taking the same direction pursued by the Senor.

"What! back again?" said the pawnbroker to the shabby man, angrily, and scowling.

"I said I'd buy the vest. Let me pass," growled the other.

"I mean to keep it. It has brought good luck to me. I mean to hang it up on the peg again. I prefer not to sell it. You are drunk. I think you must have a bottle in your pocket, for you were not so drunk as you are now when you first came in. Come, if you try to pass into my shop I will knock you down, and call for the police. Do you see? There is a soldier at the next corner."

The two were at the door of the shop, the owner on the threshold, red with rising wrath, his feet planted firmly, his eyes flashing, his fists clenched, and his brow scowling. He was a large and active man also, and in general a formidable man to oppose.

Nothing of the build or prowess of the shabby man could be judged, because of the mass of tattered rags in which he was clothed. When he had first strolled into the shop of the pawnbroker, the latter had imagined him to be one of those scarecrows of humanity who are called rag-pickers, fellows who gather into filthy sacks the refuse of the streets. They often have their ugly visages bandaged, either to hide their hideous faces, or to ward off the rank dust and odors of those heaps of foul things in which they root. Besides, the shabby man had with him a dirty bag and the long-handled hook of a rag-picker.

"I left my stick and sack in your shop," growled the shabby man. "Let me get them, and I will go away."

"Pah!" said the pawnbroker, stepping aside. "Go and get them, and see that you never come into my shop again. You were in before I knew you were one of those vile birds—the rag-pickers!"

The shabby man staggered in, and to the rear of the shop, and Gomaza continued, after getting again behind his counter:

"Well, since you are in, I will sell you the vest for two reals."

"It used to fit me well, Gabriel Ben Saul," replied the shabby man.

The pawnbroker let the vest fall from his hands as he heard these words, uttered too in a voice totally different from that in which the shabby man had hitherto spoken.

"Who spoke?" he asked, while his teeth chattered as if a sudden and fearful chill had that instant half frozen his blood. "Who spoke?"

"I!" replied the shabby man. "I! Diablos! I am Sancho Perez, and if you cry out an alarm, you are a dead man, Gabriel Ben Saul!"

The speaker was now leaning over the counter, with one hand on the collar of the terrified pawnbroker, and the other on the hilt of a large dirk, whose glittering blade was half concealed in a ragged sleeve.

"And if I cry out, you will be a dead man ere sunset—if you are Captain Perez," replied the pawnbroker, trembling in the grasp of a man whom he had always feared.

"Yes, there will be a pair of us," said Perez, speaking rapidly. "And if you betray me, you will perish by the daggers of my friends. Quick! Put up your shutters! Close and bar and lock your door! Here—write on that paper, 'Not at home to-day.' Tack it on the outside of the door. You and I have business together."

Gomaza obeyed in great haste. He knew the fierce character of the man far better than to dare to betray him. The threat too, that the daggers of the friends of the escaped convict would avenge his betrayal, had no little weight in Gomaza's mind. The surprise, and the terror caused by the surprise at this most unexpected return of the outlaw to Havana, urged Gomaza to prompt obedience. He obeyed without even reflecting that as yet he had had no proof that the man was Sancho Perez, beyond the sound of his voice, the assertion that he was Sancho Perez, and the fact that he had called him Gabriel Ben Saul.

It was not until he was lighting a lamp to illumine the black darkness of the closed shop, that he remembered that he had not seen the face of the man who had thus suddenly mastered him.

"But I know it must be Sancho Perez," was his next thought. "No other man would dare do so bold a deed; and I recognized the voice."

"To where you sleep—to the back room—to your den, Gabriel," said Captain Perez, in a deep whisper, as the flame of the lamp rose clearly. "We shall be safer there."

"Let me see your face," whispered back Gomaza. "I had rather be sure of my man."

"You will not know the man you used to know by the face that now is his," replied Perez. "A million maledictions on the mines, and on Isadora Raymundo!"

"His old phrase," thought the pawnbroker, as his visitor began to take off the dingy black scarf that hid his face, from the eyes to the throat.

"Look!" said Perez, as he thrust his bared visage close to the lamp. "Would you recognize Sancho Perez in this face?"

"Never!" replied Gomaza, recoiling in horror. "Is this the work of the poison of the mines?"

"It is the result of the plotting of the accursed and unknown Isadora Raymundo!" whispered Perez, from huge lips, as large and black as those of a full-blooded Ethiop; and above the lips no nose, but two great breathing holes; and behind the lips only four teeth, the upper and lower canine teeth; and the face to which these lips belonged was scared and seamed with great lived scars, like those from a dreadful burn. "But to the back room. We are too near the street."

Gomaza led the way to the room in which he usually slept—a small, dark room, with but one window. This window, grated within, and shuttered heavily without, when open, showed only a small yard surrounded by high stone-walls. There was a narrow, dungeon-like door, also, which communicated with the yard.

The room was more like a dungeon than a habitable apartment, yet it was the abode of a man whose hoarded wealth would have purchased a palace. But this wealth had not been accumulated by buying and selling old clothes, and odds and ends which gravitate into pawnbrokers' shops. The ostensible trade of Ruy Gomaza was only to conceal his nefarious transactions with the lawless characters of the time and clime.

He placed the lamp on a table and sat down heavily upon a stool, as if weak and sick. So he was, from fear of the reckless man before him, and consciousness of a part of what that man was there to demand. He had had many dealings with the convict slave dealer years before, as he had told the Senor; but knowing well that Sancho Perez was a piratical smuggler, and the chief of a great band of sea and land thieves and robbers.

"Now we will talk, Gomaza," said Captain Perez, as he drew a stool near the table and sat down. "You do not doubt now that I am Sancho Perez?"

"Not at all," replied Gomaza, shuddering as he glanced at the hideous face. "I remember, of the face of Sancho Perez, nothing that I see in yours now; but the voice is the same, and I know that you are Captain Sancho Perez of the *Doubloon*."

"Good! And what has become of the *Doubloon*?"

"Lost at sea, after I purchased her when she was sold by the government. The luck that used to be in her when you owned her, deserted her from the hour that Lopez Soares stabbed your old partner Angelos Rio on her deck."

"Diablos!" exclaimed Perez, with a start, and a wild glance over his shoulder. "Close that door. It opens into your museum of rags and other ancient curiosities. And it is very dark in there!" he added to himself. "Close that door!" he cried out again, as Gomaza was slow in getting up.

Perez sprang to his feet as he spoke, all in a shiver suddenly; for, as he cast a second glance over his shoulder through the open door-way into the black gloom of the shop, some of the old garments on which the rays of the solitary lamp fell feebly, as the garments hung on their pegs, took shape and filling in the guilty slave dealer's eyes, and he fancied for the instant that he had seen the spectre of Angelos Rio.

"Stop! Wait!" he gasped, and seizing the arm of the surprised pawnbroker, who was hurrying now to close the door. "Wait, Gomaza. Diablos! let me stare the thing down, as I always do, or I shall dream of it. Why do I see it now? Why now?"

"What, Captain? There is nothing where you are staring so wildly—"

"Silence! It is fading! fading! So! it—no! it stands in his very garb!" whispered Perez incoherently, and glancing at something in the gloom.

"There is nothing there, Captain, except old clothes—coats, trowsers, vests, cloaks, mantles, and the like," said Gomaza soothingly, yet keenly studying the eyes and appearance of the slave dealer.

"Whose—Diablos!—Whose pawned or cast-off rags are there?" demanded Perez, still clutching the arm of the pawnbroker with one hand, while with a finger of the other he pointed toward the weird-like array of old garments.

"How can I remember that, Captain?" replied Gomaza, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I received them from this and that one. But I remember now—something."

"What?"

"There is a drawer behind those garments at which you stare, which contains something the turnkey Riaz sold me after your trial, Captain."

"Diablos! What?"

"The clothes that were on the body of Angelos Rio."

"You lie! Dog, you—you lie, to mock me," cried Perez, turning suddenly upon the pawnbroker, and striking him to the floor with a single blow.

Then with his knee instantly on the breast of the prostrate man, and brandishing a dirk over him:

"You lie! I am going to kill you, if you have lied to mock me. Up, man! up, and show me that there is even a drawer where you said there was."

"There is, Captain. I swear it!"

"Get up, then. Take the lamp, and show it to me. No, let the lamp remain. Go you and bring the drawer here—to me. No deceit, Gomaza." And as Perez spoke, he drew a pistol, cocked it, and held it aimed steadily at the pawnbroker, as the latter went to that mass of suspended garments toward which the convict pointed.

Thrusting these soiled and faded relics of attire aside, Gomaza drew forth a drawer of the tier of shelves, and brought it quickly to the table, on which he placed it.

There was a bundle of clothes in the drawer, tied with rope-yarn.

"Open that bundle, Gomaza," said Perez, recoiling a step, but staring at the bundle. "Let us see what it is made of."

"It is made of nothing but the clothes that were taken from the dead body of your old partner, Angelos Rio," replied the pawnbroker, as with a rapid and practised hand he opened the bundle, shook into shape the garments of which it was composed, and spread them out on his bed. "You will recognize them, though—"

"There must be something supernatural in it," muttered Perez, sitting down at the table and leaning his head upon his hand, and not heeding the last remark of the pawnbroker, for he had recognized at a glance the garb worn by Angelos Rio when he was murdered. "There must be something supernatural in it," he repeated, his eyes hidden by his hand, and his huge lips quivering with the half-articulate words.

Gomaza could distinguish nothing clearly of this low and mumbling muttering, though he listened with all his ears.

"Why did I see it there?" muttered Perez. "I did not know that there was a drawer there. I might have known that too, and yet I did not know that his clothes were there—the clothes he had on when he died. I did not even know that the clothes were in existence. I used to see the accursed apparition yonder in the mines—sometimes. I knew it was a fancy of my brain then. I used to stare at the thing steadily, and it would go away—it always did. But this one did not. The same one too—always the same: a pale, wet, corpse-like thing—hair, beard and garments dripping with water—blood gushing from the wound in the breast, and spirting from the wound in the head! Always the same. More than five years have passed since the thing came to fright me. Why did it come now? Why did it not go away, as it always did before when I stared at it? I saw it all the time Gomaza was getting the drawer—saw through it, and a great wave of the sea that seemed to roll through the shop and lift the thing up, and turn it over and over, and grow red with the blood that came from it! If the door was open, and I were to look, I would see it there yet. It did not go away. I saw it there in the dark, as Gomaza closed the door. Perhaps it is here in the room with me now."

He raised his head and rolled his eyes wildly around.

He saw nothing of the thing he feared. The light of the lamp filled the room, and there was no apparition to be seen by Perez.

"I did not lie, nor wish to mock you, Captain," said Gomaza. "You recognize these clothes? Here is the shirt with the embroidered bosom, you see. Captain Rio was gay in such things, you will remember. And here is the hole where the dirk of Lopez Soares—"

"Yes, yes! Burn them up! Burn them up! Caramba! burn them up!" roared Perez.

"Burn them up, Captain?"

"Yes; why keep such things?" And as he spoke, Perez seized an empty box that chanced to be in the room, and beat it into fragments, cast the pieces into the fireplace, and having set the light pine wood in a blaze, turned to Gomaza, and said savagely:

"Pitch the trash into the fire! Do you hear? Burn the duds up!"

But he made no offer to aid Gomaza, as the latter threw the garments one by one into the flames, but sat aloof, looking on with a strange, wild moodiness as they were consumed; and as they were of cotton and linen and silk, they were soon all burned to ashes.

"His ghost will rest in peace now, Captain," said Gomaza, as the fire burned low.

"Who ever said his ghost did not rest in peace?" demanded Perez fiercely.

"Nobody, Captain."

"Then why did you say that?"

"Oh, I have heard that as long as the clothes in which a person was murdered remained unburied, his ghost, or spirit, or whatever you may call such things, will not be at rest in the other world."

"Do you believe that?" asked Perez eagerly.

"Certainly I do."

"Then you must have had a spite against Angelos Rio."

"I!"

"You, Gomaza; or you would have destroyed those rags long ago—the very hour they came into your hands."

"Pooh, pooh!" said Gomaza; "I never heard that the spirit of Angelos Rio was not at peace. You and Lopez Soares should know whether Captain Rio's ghost had a trick of haunting the earth."

"Rascal! Why do you say that?"

"Because Lopez Soares killed Angelos Rio; and you and Angelos Rio were half-brothers—you were his only kinsman, you know—his dear friend, his partner—the son of his mother. So, if his spirit was uneasy, it should have let you know it first of all."

"It has."

"Oh!"

"It has at times haunted me—or at least I thought so. I imagined I saw Angelos Rio just now. I had not imagined such a thing for five years, Gomaza."

"Not for five years! Not often, ever since the man was murdered! You do not mean that it has been five years since you imagined you saw the ghost of Angelos Rio?" asked the amazed pawnbroker, shivering, and glancing wildly around, as if it had suddenly and forcibly occurred to him that he, too, was in danger of seeing that ghost.

"I tell you, and I swear it, that I have not imagined that the spirit of Angelos Rio was near me, since five years ago, until just now, when it rose into my view suddenly from the mass of old clothes in your shop. And remember that I did not know *his* clothes were in that drawer, or even in existence, nor that there was a drawer there."

The superstitious pawnbroker shivered again, and from head to heel, like a man with an ague fit.

"Then," thought he, for he could not have spoken at that moment even to save his life, "he must really have seen the spirit of the murdered man! He did not imagine that he saw it; he really and truly saw it. The thing *was*, and he saw it! Ugh! it must be near us now, though invisible. You don't see it now, Captain?" he asked, after a pause.

"No."

"Would you like to take a peep into the shop, Captain, where all is dark, and see if you can see it anywhere in there? The door is just behind you."

"No. If it is there, let it stay there."

"Oh! By no means, Captain," exclaimed the pawnbroker, in alarm. "Let it go away! I don't want it! Let it go away!" And here he almost shouted, as if he feared the supposed ghost was rather hard of hearing.

"You are a fool and a coward, Gomaza—and so am I! Diablos!" growled Perez, springing up and jerking open the door, and glaring defiantly into the darkness of the shop. "See! there is nothing."

The pawnbroker, whose nerves had been much unstrung, peered timorously into the darkness. He could see nothing, except the rows of old garments hung on pegs near the door. He thought he had never seen suspended garments look so much like suspended men before.

Perez closed the door and returned to his stool, saying:

"There, we have had enough of that. Any tidings of Lopez Soares since my trial?"

"Not a word, Captain. It was thought at the time, you know, that he shipped aboard an English ship that was short of hands at Cardenas, and so went to England. He has never been heard of since."

"Hum!" said Perez reflectively, and then quickly, "Do you know you bore very hard against me at the trial?"

"Ah, I hope not, Captain. I obeyed you in appearing as a witness at all. If I had not, it might have got out that I had much of your property in charge. As it was, it was not doubted that I was your enemy, Captain. I managed it very cleverly, I think. Indeed, Captain, I did not mean to be too hard on you. And in fact it was a gone case with you, I may say, before I volunteered my evidence, by your written order. I have the written order to show you, Captain. You know you sent it by the turnkey Riaz."

"Yes, I know that, Gomaza, but you said more than enough to hide the fact that you had property of mine to the value of a million reals. Oh, I have no doubt, diablos! that you thought and hoped you were never to see me again, eh?"

"Indeed, Captain—"

"And you have never spent a real of all that to aid me to get out of those accursed mines."

"Captain!—my dear Captain!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, alarmed by the fire in the eyes of his visitor, "I spent money in that matter as a man puffs smoke from his mouth. I paid it out in gold as if it had been copper. Why, I went several times to Spain—once, you must remember, dear Captain, I saw you in the mines."

"I remember that during my first year there I saw you, and exchanged signals with you, at a distance," replied Perez, in a surly way. "I received, soon after, from one of the guards, a package of files. The files were worthless; yet when they were found in my possession, I was flogged nearly to death. Diablos! Before I made my last escape, I got even with the man that flogged me. I broke his neck with a single blow of this."

He clenched his great bony fist, and held it under the nose of the pawnbroker.

"You killed him!" gasped Gomaza, recoiling.

"Yes; and *his* spirit has never haunted me," replied Perez; and then to himself: "And why has the spirit of Angelos Rio? Is it because he was my mother's son? A million maledictions on that deed! I was Perez the Lucky till I struck those blows."

And then to the pawnbroker again, in a low, menacing tone, like the growl of a savage beast crouched to spring:

"It all amounts to this, and no more, Gabriel Ben Saul—"

"Say Ruy Gomaza, dear Captain," said the pawnbroker anxiously.

"Aye, since Gabriel Ben Saul, who escaped from Lisbon some years ago, after being sentenced to be burned to death, is believed to be dead—"

"Is dead. Say no more of that, Captain. You were about to say—"

"I was about to say, Ruy Gomaza, that it all amounts to this: you may, or you may not have used some of my money—"

"All, Captain, all! Every real of the million, and several hundred of my own," put in the pawnbroker quickly. "Bribing here, and bribing there. Getting up petitions for pardon. Suing at court—here and in Spain. Making voyages to Spain myself, or sending agents there. Doing this and doing that. Oh, in all these years, in such a costly matter, a million—why, ten millions of reals, might have melted away! But I am ready, my dear Captain, to advance you some money. You used to be called Perez the Lucky, you know—ha! ha! And your astounding luck well deserved that name. And no doubt all your bad luck is at an end now, since you have escaped, and everybody believes you are dead—ho! ho! It is very comfortable to be believed to be dead, when one wishes not to be known as living! I can tell you that—ho! ho! But, as I was saying," continued the pawnbroker, speaking as if for a wager, "no doubt all your bad luck is at an end, since you had the good, the uncommon luck to escape from those rascally quicksilver mines of Almeida."

Here he paused to catch breath.

"Oh, go on. I like to hear you! Diablos! It is rich! it is rare! it is racy! Caramba!" cried Perez, grinning so as to show those four dog-like teeth. "Yes, I was Perez the Lucky until Senora Isadora Raymundo took the wind out of my sails! Go on! I like it! Diablos!" and the convict twirled his ragged mustache with both hands, and beat a spasmodic dance upon the floor with his heels.

The pawnbroker did not like the gleam he saw in the eyes of the other, but stared timidly at him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* * *

A LEAP FOR A FORTUNE.

I.—OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN.

Conceit, selfishness, cool audacity, and a certain amount of calculating shrewdness, were the principal elements that had developed themselves in Mr. Augustus Pickering's character at the time we are about to introduce him. Said he to his room-mate, Paul Heffron, one morning, as they sat at the window of their cottage by the sea-shore, where they were sojourning for the season:

"It's a decidedly awkward mess, on the whole, isn't it, Paul?"

"It seems to be, to you," was the reply, delivered with an unsympathizing gravity that seemed to be highly exasperating to the first speaker.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, that it wouldn't be in the least awkward to me."

"It wouldn't! And pray enlighten me as to the very simple way in which you seem to think you could get around the matter."

"I wouldn't 'get around' it at all. I should go right ahead, as if nothing had happened."

"And what the old scratch would you do that for?"

"Because I should not ask a girl to marry me unless I loved her."

"The dickens you wouldn't!" ejaculated Mr. Pickering, in amazement. "What a—Humph!—upon my word! You *have* got some real old-fashioned notions in your head, haven't you?"

He seemed utterly unable to express his contempt.

"Old-fashioned or not, I mean just what I say."

Augustus Pickering sat in moody silence for a moment, and then broke out:

"But just think of it. Here I am head and ears in debt, my credit nearly exhausted; been making love to a handsome girl supposed to be worth her hundred thousand or more, and just after the question is popped the bottoms of her coffers are knocked out, and she is left nearly as poor as myself. Isn't it enough to—"

"It's enough to disgust any man of manly feelings. I'm ashamed of you, Gus."

"Oh, thunder! Don't go to preaching to me. What I ask of you is advice. What am I going to do? That is the all-important question."

"I don't suppose my advice will be appreciated, but nevertheless you shall have it. In the first place, go ahead and marry her—that is, if she accepts. She hasn't done that yet, I believe."

"No, thank Heaven! Her note came this morning, requesting time to consult with her father, and not an hour later the mail arrived, bringing a city paper telling of the failure of the great house of Morton & Co. They won't pay fifty cents on the dollar."

"And how many cents on the dollar can *you* pay of your representations to Miss Morton concerning your wealth and prospects?"

"Oh, bother! That don't come into the question at all."

"No? But before I marry a girl for the sake of using her money to pay my debts, I'll—"

Paul did not finish his sentence, for with his feelings of disgust toward Augustus was mingled a shade of real compassion; so he changed his tone, and spoke calmly and gravely.

"If you could only raise your mind, Gus, from the rut of indolence and false ideas of gentility into which it has fallen, it would be the best thing in the world for you. Nothing is so honorable as to earn one's own living in an honest way. Why don't you go to work? Your uncle will give you a chance."

"Work! That will be my last resource, you can be assured. My uncle is as old-fashioned as you are. He wouldn't give a fellow a dollar unless he earned a hundred cents. When he dies I suppose I will have a slice. Pity he couldn't perform that commendable act just about now!"

"Take care, Gus! You are not raising yourself in my esteem by using such language. So far as Kate Morton is concerned, I should judge her loss of fortune to be a lucky circumstance. Even that is preferable to her having you for a husband."

Gus was too absorbed in gloomy contemplation of his situation to take offence at these words. He leaned his elbows on the window casing and looked out sullenly. After several moments of profound meditation he sprang up suddenly, his face breaking out into a smile.

"I have it!" he exclaimed.

"What?" asked Paul.

"Her maiden aunt, you know."

"Well, what of her?"

"*She* has a fortune of her own."

"Well?"

"I'm going to make a bold leap. Let me have pen, ink and paper, and I will show you."

He wrote busily for five minutes, and then submitted the following note to Paul's inspection:

"MISS KATE MORTON: You will readily see, when you have read this note, that the task of writing it is a delicate and difficult one. Indeed I scarcely know how to begin, so reluctant am I to wound your feelings, and perchance to incur your severe displeasure. But the simple truth is, a most woeful and lamentable blunder has been made. A note which I addressed to *your aunt*, Miss Kate Morton, has by mistake reached a destination for which it was not intended, namely, your own fair hands. How the error in delivering it occurred I shall not attempt to explain. Suffice it to say that there *was* an error. The offer of marriage was, as I have hinted, intended for your aunt. I trust to your kindness to deliver the note to her, and inform her of the mistake. I thank you for the gently worded missive which I received less than an hour ago, and I return it herewith, believing, under the circumstances, that you would prefer not to have me retain it. Respectfully yours,

"AUGUSTUS PICKERING."

"How will that do?" asked Augustus, with a complacent smile at his own shrewdness.

Paul read the note through, and then laid it down with a look in which were blended astonishment, contempt and indignation.

"Let me see, Gus," he said, with forced calmness. "How old are you?"

"Thirty."

"And Kate Morton the elder—how old is she?"

"Not much older, if any."

"Well, I suppose you are confirmed in your evil ways, and that no amount of eloquence could shame you out of your determination to marry for the sake of being supported by your wife. I hope you will succeed; and I hope, moreover, that your wife will be shrill-voiced and sour-tempered, and will henpeck you as long as you and she live together!"

His voice had gradually risen, and with the concluding words of his speech he left the room unceremoniously, as if fearful that if he remained he might commit some act of violence.

"Blast your picture!" muttered Augustus, in an angry undertone; but he did not dwell on his wrath, as his mind was fully occupied with his awkward situation and the bold leap he was making from a penniless wife to—what?

Toward evening he received the following note:

"Miss Morton presents her compliments to Mr. Pickering, whose motives she believes she comprehends in a measure, and begs leave to express her regret at the awkward mistake that has been made. Mr. Pickering's note is now in the hands of its proper owner, to whom Mr. Pickering will please confine his attentions in the future."

Augustus read this twice through, and a slight feeling of uneasiness flitted through his breast. But on the whole, he congratulated himself on the success of his manœuvre up to that point.

II.—INTO THE FIRE.

Miss Kate Morton the elder was an old maid of the traditional type. A certain snappishness of disposition, a keen, eager expression about the eyes, and ever recurring spasmodic efforts to appear youthful, placed her in this category. Why she had never married was unknown, but it must have been that the qualities just enumerated had existed to a considerable extent from her youth upward, and counterbalanced the attractions that her fortune offered. Or perhaps she had always despised men, as she affected to do now, and had sent untold numbers of admirers away in despair.

Setting aside these questions, however, we remark that when Mr. Pickering's note finally reached her, second-handed, she hastened to her room and there displayed a feeling of exultant glee that she would have been loath to exhibit, had there been any observers around.

"He is certainly handsome," she soliloquized, "and rich—oh, yes, he must be rich, he dresses so well, and his manners are so elegant. And he can be *so* devoted. I have no doubt that my niece feels dreadfully, to think that *her* charms have not been the attractions that have brought him here so much lately. Well, she must live and learn. Yes, I will invite him to call this evening, and receive his answer in person."

In the evening Augustus called.

He found Miss Morton beaming with smiles, and gorgeous with various trappings of ribbons and laces.

"Good-evening, Aug—Mr. Pickering," she said, with a blush, extending her hand cordially, yet coyly.

"Good-evening, Miss Morton—or Kate, if I may dare call you so. You cannot imagine my chagrin at the mistake about the note."

"Say nothing about it. Such things will happen; and the similarity of names, you know."

"Yes, I know; but to have such a subject brought before the eyes of outsiders is mortifying—harrowing. However, I have come for my answer."

And he seated himself close beside her, taking her hand.

"Are you in a hurry?" she said tantalizingly, but not withdrawing her hand.

"Yes; let me know my fate at once, for it is to be supreme happiness or misery for life; and if the latter, let the blow fall without delay."

"Ahem! It is a very serious subject. To think that the superior charms of my more youthful niece—"

"Superior! You give me credit for little taste. When I behold—"

"There, there! Please restrain yourself. I suppose—pardon me—that you have read this morning's papers. The failure—"

"Do not speak of it. It shall not concern us."

"No? But such things should be understood—"

"I hope you do not imagine that I should have preferred your niece under *any* circumstances. No! If I loved her it would be for herself, just as I now love you for yourself. Oh, put an end to my suspense, and whisper the one dear word that will crown my life with happiness!"

He leaned toward her and heard the desired word, whereat he manifested his joy in as exuberant a manner as, according to his notions of the fitness of things, the circumstances demanded.

"And now as to the time," he said, after an interval of silence.

"The time! Why be in such haste?"

"How can I help it? This is all a romantic affair. Why not complete the romance, and be married here by the restless sea waves, that are ever chanting songs of hope to true hearts? There are plenty of ministers here."

"It would be delicious, wouldn't it?"

"Sublime! Do you say Yes?"

"W-e-l-l, yes."

"Three evenings hence let the event take place."

"You seem to have it all your own way. I don't suppose it would be of any use to object." And Miss Morton giggled hysterically.

"Don't let it overcome you, my dear."

"Such happiness is almost too much," she murmured.

An hour later Augustus took his departure, in high glee at having made his calling and fortune so speedily sure. He went to his room, intending to tell Paul Heffron of his good luck, but his friend had been unexpectedly summoned by business to New York, and had left on the early evening train.

Three days later, at five o'clock in the afternoon, they were made one. Only a select few witnessed the ceremony. When the congratulations were over, the bride and groom were left alone in a room at the hotel.

"Well, where are you going to take me, my dear," asked Mrs. Pickering.

"Anywhere you please, my love."

"Oh, I will leave that to you."

"I thought perhaps you would like to spend a few days more on this lovely sea-shore."

"What! and be subjected to the rude gaze and merciless jokes of our acquaintances?"

"Or go to your house in New York."

"*My* house! I have none now, you know." She sighed. "Let us go to *your* home."

"*My* home! By the— Did I understand you to say, my dear, that you had no house in New York?"

"Yes. That went with the rest. The failure, you know."

"What failure?" exclaimed Augustus, with a dizzy feeling.

"How can you ask? Please don't agitate me on the subject. There is no place on earth now for me to seek shelter but with you."

"But surely *you* are not mixed up with the failure of Morton & Co?"

"What! Didn't you know? I tried to tell you. I lost every cent. My own doors are closed against me." She sighed again.

Augustus tottered, and sank into a chair that was standing near. His feelings were those of unalloyed dismay. The awful truth rushed upon him that he had made this time a genuine and irreparable blunder of some sort.

"I am not sure that I comprehend you," he gasped. "I thought it was your brother—your niece's father—who had failed."

"Oh, no! It is my money that is lost. My means formed the principal capital of Morton & Co. My brother is one of the firm of Hodge & Morton, bankers, and he is not affected by the failure. It was a great blow to me. But you seemed to know all about it when I endeavored to broach the subject. However, do not let us talk of it any more. It agitates me." She smiled sweetly. "The train starts for New York in an hour. We had better go directly to your home, or to some hotel." And she proceeded to make active preparations for a departure.

Augustus was in a state bordering on imbecility. He might have sat for an hour, dumb and listless, but for the word "hotel," which he caught at with avidity. He said weakly:

"Yes, we will go to a hotel. I'll step out and order a carriage. I'll return presently."

And he went into the open air to collect his thoughts.

A boy was inquiring wildly for Mr. Pickering.

"Here," shouted Augustus. "What do you want?"

"I've got a note for you. The gentleman said I was to hurry, and I've only just found you."

"Who sent it?"

"A gentleman who got off from the cars gave it to me."

Augustus opened the note mechanically.

A check for a hundred dollars met his eye, which he grasped eagerly. It was accompanied with the following note:

"FRIEND GUS: I send this note in haste by my friend Brown, who is just going to start for the train. I have heard what is going to happen. Had no idea that it would come about so soon. I have learned the facts in regard to Morton & Co. You may stand in need of the inclosed check for immediate purposes. I have the disposal, for three days, of a clerkship at two thousand dollars a year. You will have to work hard. Will you take it, and be a man?

"Yours, PAUL HEFFRON."

We pass over the scene when a mutual understanding came about between Augustus and his wife. Under the circumstances, he decided to accept the clerkship. Let us hope that the ordeal through which he is passing may purge him of whatever is inane and unworthy, and develop in him qualities of true and sterling manhood. For those who ought to know, say that Kate, in spite of her age, will not make him such a bad wife, after all, if he proves to have even a moderate allowance of the right stuff in him.

* * *

HOGARTH'S MASTERPIECE.

We remember, years ago, of having heard the following anecdote of Hogarth, and we deem that it will bear repeating: The celebrated artist was once applied to by an exceedingly wealthy, but very penurious, old nobleman, to paint the main hall of a new mansion with a historical piece—a style of embellishment much in vogue among the aristocracy of the period. Hogarth was open to the proposition, and was asked what he would charge to paint upon the walls of the hall a representation of the Passage of the Children of Israel across the Red Sea, pursued by Pharaoh and his host. The painter viewed the hall, and replied that he would do it for one hundred guineas. The miserly old nabob turned up his nose in amazement at the enormous charge. He would give twenty guineas for the work; and that was more than he deemed it worth.

Hogarth, as may well be supposed, was both vexed and mortified by this estimate of the value of his labor; but he nodded, and held back his temper, and finally said, if the sum were paid to him in advance, he would undertake the job. The close-fisted nobleman consented to this arrangement, and he could not repress a chuckle of inward satisfaction in view of his grand bargain as he paid over the money. Hogarth pocketed the twenty gold pieces, and promised that he would commence the work on the morrow.

Bright and early on the following morning the artist appeared at the mansion, accompanied by a stout assistant who bore a huge bucket of common red paint, and at once they proceeded to daub the walls of the hall, and the panels and the dados, liberally with the glaring pigment.

An hour before noon, just as the nobleman was getting up from his bed, Hogarth knocked at his door, announcing, when the host appeared,—

"Well, sir,—the work is done."

"Done!" cried the astonished aristocrat. "What is done?"

"Why,—the painting of your hall, sir."

Unable what to make of this marvellous expedition, the old knight threw on his dressing-gown, and went down to view the result of the artist's labors, and his consternation can be better imagined than described upon beholding the unbroken and unrelieved brick-red hue that covered walls and cornice and wainscot.

"What, in the name of wonder, is this?" he cried, rubbing his eyes, and gazing from the daub to the dauber.

"That, sir," replied Hogarth, with a low bow, and with a serious look, "is the *Red Sea!*"

"The Red Sea?—But—but—where are Pharaoh and his host?"

"Why, sir,—they are all drowned!" replied Hogarth.

"Well,—and where are the Children of Israel?"

"They," said the painter, with an assuring nod, "*have all crossed over upon the other side!*"

The old niggard found it in vain to complain; and for producing the hosts of Egypt and the Israelites Hogarth finally received his hundred guineas. S. C., JR.

MAN'S SUPREME RIGHT.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

There is a Right that when maintained
  Through all the centuries hoary,
Gave to the Past its monuments
  Of real, deathless glory.
It shone by myriads of hearths;
  It stood on just fields glowing;
It breathed the very life of life,
  Through Human Progress flowing.

And if a follower would be
  To that Past in true splendor,
The Present never should that Right
  To any foe surrender.
Nor must the furtherest Future quail,
  But keep its Sun-flag flying,
And see beneath its iron feet
  Evil on Evil dying.

That Right is God's eternal gift
  With worlds launched from His power,
And made in every Human Heart
  That firmly wills, to tower.
It only gives Man sacred strength
  Of Grandeur wed with Beauty,
And in a small yet great line lives—
  The Right to Do Our Duty.

◆

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

HESTER SEES AN APPARITION.

It was late that night before Hester slept, for her busy brain had much to think of and arrange. She had thought it safer to fortify her position by confiding to Mrs. Spencer what she had so lately learned herself, and she felt sure that she could rely on the old lady's sense of propriety not to hint to others the indiscretion into which her grandson had tempted his betrothed.

She was safe in her hands, and she had won a strong champion by the confidence she had given. With this conviction, sleep came to her weary eyelids, and she slumbered as sweetly as if no thought of wrong had ever entered her crafty mind. There was no undoing now what had been done, and Hester entered into her part *con amore*. She was ready to battle *to the death* for the wealth and husband she claimed.

She awoke at a late hour on the following morning, feeling perfectly refreshed, and ready for whatever the day might bring forth. She removed the bandage from her head, arranged her long, rippling hair in bandeaux around it, and glanced with satisfaction at the image reflected by the mirror.

In the trunk she had found several morning dresses elaborately trimmed with embroidery, and one of these she selected, after removing from it the knots of pink ribbon with which it had been fastened. When her toilet was completed, she threw over all the black lace shawl she had already used. As she glanced at her figure in the long glass, she thought:

"I am sure I am stylish enough in appearance to pass for the best Landry that ever was born. *These* people will never detect the counterfeit, I am quite certain of that."

When Martha came in to assist her in dressing, she was quite surprised to find that Hester had completed her toilet, and was sitting tranquilly beside the open window, awaiting a summons to breakfast.

"Dear me, Miss Landry, if I had had any idea that you were ready to get up, I would have been on hand to help you dress. I came to your room at eight, but you were sleeping so soundly I thought you'd not be likely to wake for more than an hour."

"I suppose I awoke a few moments after you left, Martha, for it is now nine, and I have been up nearly an hour. I did not need assistance in dressing, for my aunt has taught me to wait on myself. I hope that breakfast has not been delayed on my account."

"No, Miss; Mrs. Spencer is an old lady, you know, and she doesn't get up early. Mr. Herbert had his breakfast three hours ago, and went to his business, as he always does when he's at home. He gave me a note for you, Miss, and here it is."

The girl drew a folded paper from the pocket of her apron, and on opening it Hester found these lines:

"DEAR ESTELLE: Grandma has told you of the arrangements I have made. Next Saturday we will set out on our voyage on the *Southerner*, a safe and swift steam-packet, which plies between this port and New Orleans. Captain Heathcote is a personal friend of mine, and he will do all that is possible to render us comfortable.

"I shall return by eleven o'clock, and I have ordered Scipio to have the carriage in readiness at that hour to take you to the chapel to which your father's remains have been conveyed. I have arranged with the priest in charge that everything shall be done which he thinks necessary, and I thought you would wish to join in some of the services. My grandmother will make an effort to accompany and remain with you, and Marion will serve you in a different way, by purchasing for you such mourning as you will stand in need of.

"Believe that I am yours to command in all things, dear Estelle, and do not hesitate to express your wishes to your true friend,

"HERBERT SPENCER."

When Hester had read this through carefully, she said to the girl:

"Let Mrs. Spencer know that I am quite well this morning, and ready for breakfast. As she intends to go out with me, I suppose she is up by this time."

"O yes, Miss, and dressed too. I'll let her know, and in ten minutes you will hear the breakfast bell ring."

The door closed on her, and Hester threw herself on a large chair, with rather a moody expression on her face. She impatiently muttered:

"I can't help myself, I suppose. I must go to that lugubrious place, and affect to be overwhelmed with affliction, or I shall be thought a hard-hearted monster. That man was my father, but I never had anything from him but neglect; he gave me up to my mother, and devoted himself to his younger children; so what do I owe him in the way of tears? Nothing. But I must be decorous. I suppose I shall feel sorry when I get in that horrid place, and I shall weep some real tears for him, but I sha'n't repent what I have done. I don't mean to let a single qualm of conscience come over me. I am not silly enough to mar the brightness of my future by such nonsense as that."

Her thoughts were interrupted by the tinkle of the breakfast bell, and she opened the door of her chamber to find Mrs. Oliver crossing the vestibule to seek her.

"Good-morning. You look like quite a different person to-day, Miss Landry. The change is really wonderful."

"Miss Landry, indeed! I thought we were to be Marion and Estelle to each other, you formal creature. Yes, I am a great deal better, and I have laid aside that disfiguring bandage, which enables me to look more like myself."

"Excuse me, Estelle; I forgot our compact, and only remembered, at the moment, how lately we met. Mrs. Spencer is waiting for us, and she will be quite charmed to see how much a good night's rest has restored you."

Hester took the hand Mrs. Oliver held out to her, and drawing it through her arm, crossed the parlors, and entered the room in which the table was laid for three persons.

Mrs. Spencer, in a sombre black dress, put on for the visit to the chapel, came forward and kissed her with an expression of tender interest and sympathy.

"My dear, you look charmingly; but was it quite prudent to take the bandage from your head?"

"It was all nonsense putting it on," said Hester, with a bright smile. "Dr. Macon feared that my skull was injured, but I think he was quite mistaken. I certainly got rather a confusing blow upon my poor head, but to-day all soreness is gone, and I dressed my hair without any pain. I suppose, however, that I must attribute my speedy cure to the magical effects of the lotion he gave me to use."

"Some magic must have been used, indeed, for you are looking as bright and well as if nothing had happened to you. Your beautiful color has all come back, and now you look like the picture Raymond showed me."

"Since Ray showed me to you, I will show him to you, grandma," she smilingly said, as she drew from her bosom the miniature which had once been the most cherished possession of her sister.

Mrs. Spencer looked at the handsome face, and said:

"It is an excellent likeness, but I saw it before it ever passed into your possession, Estelle. It was painted by a Boston artist, and I selected the setting. How do you like it?"

"You need hardly ask me that, ma'am. I think it chaste and exquisite; but of course I value the dear face it incloses a thousand times more than the case around it. Yet I thank you that you thought enough of me to exercise your taste in my behalf."

They sat down to the nicely prepared breakfast, and Hester ate with appetite, talking at intervals with such grace and ease, that Mrs. Oliver began to think that Raymond's judgment of her was, after all, not so partial as she had supposed.

When they arose from the table, her manner suddenly changed, and she softly said:

"I am afraid you think me frivolous, and almost unfeeling, but I am such a creature of impulse that I am always doing something I am forced to take myself to task for afterward. I have been so unspeakably wretched that, now the reaction has come, I suffered myself for a few moments to forget the sad duty that lies before me to-day. I do not know now how I could speak so lightly as I have been doing, nor how I could smile at all, when my beloved father lies alone in that distant chapel, with no kindred heart near to weep tears of blood over his untimely fate. Ah! dear friends, pardon the levity of which I have been guilty, and aid me to sustain myself through the sad ordeal that lies before me."

"Those who feel deeply do not talk in such a way as that," thought Mrs. Oliver. "I do wish that I could interpret what is mysterious about this girl. I can't help mistrusting her, in spite of her fine phrases and caressing manners. Yet it is very bad for me, for she will make Raymond do whatever she wishes, and Herbert's future is in his hands. I won't sit up in judgment upon her. I'll take her for what she is worth, and try to like her as well as I ought."

With this resolution, Marion added a few words to those the tender heart of Mrs. Spencer had prompted her to utter in reply to Hester's self-reproaches, and she went with her to her room to aid her in changing her morning dress for the black robe she had laid aside. Very little was said between them, for Hester had now assumed the *rôle* of the afflicted daughter, and she acted it so well, that Mrs. Oliver believed her grief genuine; but just as she was leaving the room, Hester aroused herself sufficiently to say:

"Marion, dear, I hope you will exercise your best taste in selecting my mourning. Herbert said that you would be kind enough to get what I want, and I am sure that I can trust to your judgment. I wish you to get the most stylish things that are permissible. Black is not becoming to me at the best, and—and I am going among those who will be critical of my appearance. Southern people are less tenacious about the proprieties, you know, than you northern ones, and if the fabric is black, it does not matter much with how much taste it is made up. I must have a state dress, with any quantity of crape on it, to wear while I am here, but the other dresses need not be so lugubrious. But you understand what will be best suited to the meridian to which we are going."

This sudden interest in the question of personal adornment somewhat surprised Mrs. Oliver after what had gone before, but she quietly replied:

"I think I understand your wishes, and I will try to fulfill them as well as possible. I shall remember the difference in climate, and make my purchases accordingly."

"Thank you, dear; and—don't forget to bring me several sets of black jewelry, in different styles, that I may select one from them. I shall not wear it just at first, you know, but I shall want it when Raymond comes back."

"I will remember; but you can get anything you may fancy in that line from Hyde and Goodrich in New Orleans, for they always keep on hand the latest and most elegant styles of jewelry. When we reach that place, perhaps you had better select from their stock, than from the few specimens I could bring you."

"Well—yes—that is a good suggestion; but you can bring them all the same. I may find something here that will suit me, and I should like, at any rate, to look at them."

"Of course I will bring them then. I will run away now, and get ready before Herbert comes back."

As she arranged her toilet for the street, Marion wondered how deep was the grief which already rebelled against its outward semblance. Hester was a greater puzzle to her than ever, and she vainly tried to keep to her resolution concerning her.

Herbert came back at the appointed time, and a few moments after eleven the four set out for the church. There Hester joined, with apparent sincerity, in the prayers that were offered up for the repose of her father's soul. She did weep a few real tears for him, for she had long suspected that Armand Landry was her father, and the little she could remember of him proved to her that he had not been indifferent to her, though he held himself aloof from her mother.

She remembered sundry times, in her early childhood, when she had accidentally encountered him in her wanderings around the plantation. If he found her alone, he always dismounted from his horse, took her in his arms, and caressed her tenderly, giving her gold before they parted to buy anything her childish fancy coveted.

At Christmas too, a basket filled with bonbons and toys was always sent to her from the great house, and she knew from whom it came.

These memories filled her heart with something like tenderness for the deceased, but that she really grieved over the hapless fate of her father cannot be said. She had gained too much by his death to lament over it in sincerity; and she had done that which, if the dead could really come back to life, would cause him to arise from his coffin and denounce her as the basest of impostors.

The services were long, and to Hester extremely wearisome: the lights burning upon the altar—the clouds of incense that floated through the atmosphere became oppressive to her, and a species of dull numbness began to creep over her faculties. Her eyes half closed, and in that condition a strange hallucination passed before her which she knew could not be real, but at the same time it possessed all the vividness of reality.

Amid the hazy clouds of incense she thought she beheld a form arise from the closed coffin, and slowly assume the semblance of her father. The figure was dim and uncertain in its outlines, but the face gloomed forth clearly in its dark stern beauty, and it looked down threateningly upon her, as the pale lips seemed to unclose and say, in tones that pierced through the reverberations of the organ:

"For a time—but not for long. Be warned—save yourself in saving others. God sees wrong—He punishes it, even in the flesh."

The same words seemed to repeat themselves over and over again, and self-controlled as Hester usually was, she could not persuade herself that those phantom lips were not really uttering them. As she made no motion to obey the awful mandate, she fancied that the face grew darker with each passing moment, and a hand, gleaming with phosphorescent fire, was lifted menacingly toward her.

Unable to control herself longer, she started up with a wild cry that rang through the building, and fell senseless across the lap of Mrs. Spencer.

When she revived she found herself in a small room back of the altar, supported in her old friend's arms, and a venerable man in priestly robes was sprinkling water over her pallid face. She heard Mrs. Spencer say:

"Poor child! it has been too much for her. She has been ill, but she thought herself strong enough to come here this morning. I must get her back to my house, and make her go to bed at once. She seems to be reviving now. Will you send some one to see if my carriage is near the door?"

The services were over, and the priest spoke to one of the boys in attendance, who presently came back to say that the church was empty, and Mrs. Spencer's carriage was in waiting for her.

By this time Hester had gained the mastery of herself and of the situation. She languidly lifted herself from her recumbent position, and with an expression of patient sweetness, said:

"I have proved myself a very tyro in suffering, to be overcome thus. Pardon me the trouble I have given you, dear Madam; and you too, holy Father. I ask your prayers for an afflicted daughter, as well as for the beatitude of him that is gone. I am not in a condition to speak much with you now, but I wish to see and converse with you some other day, when I hope to receive such consolation at your hands as only the ministers of religion can afford to a heart stricken as mine has been."

"I shall be most happy to call on you, my daughter, and I will do so ere many hours have passed away. Your father was well known to me, and from me you received the rites of baptism when you were but a few weeks old. I have never seen you since, until to-day, but I claim you as one of my spiritual children."

Hester turned a half-startled glance on the speaker as he spoke of knowing her father; but his subsequent words showed her that she had little to fear from him. She saw that he was a very old, gray-haired man, who looked as if he had led the life of an ascetic, and she thought a simple son of the church would not be likely to suspect her of wrong-doing in any shape.

She held out her hand, and said:

"This is a most happy meeting for me, Father, for I need help—such help as you alone can afford me. If you can come to me to-morrow afternoon, I shall be happy to receive you."

The old man took the hand she offered, and placed it in that of Mrs. Spencer, as he said:

"I will be sure to come to you, daughter. I am growing feeble with age, and I rarely leave my own domicile, but you have claims upon me that few others possess. Take with you the blessing of an old man, and console yourself with the thought that you have been a true and loving child to him who has gone before us to the better land."

Hester bowed her head in seeming reverence, but she almost shrank from the touch of that thin hand as it rested in benediction upon her brow. Such good as was in her was rapidly dying out beneath the ordeal through which she had elected to pass, but she shivered now as if guilty of sacrilege in accepting the blessing which of right belonged to another.

They passed through the church, which was still filled with incense, and Hester averted her face from the altar as she passed it, dreading that the stern accusing face would loom on her again, and utter its piercing cry of warning when there was no organ to drown the supernatural voice.

When her mind was in a calmer state, and she reflected upon it in the silence of her own room, she came to the conclusion that the whole appearance was an illusion born of her own excited imagination, and that the sounds she fancied she had heard were but portions of the Latin anthem which bore some resemblance to those accusing words.

They gained the carriage, bade farewell to the priest, and set out for the cottage. It had been settled that Mrs. Oliver was to remain in the city till evening, and then the carriage was to be sent for her and Herbert.

Hester sat silent, feeling ill and depressed, and wondering how she should discover the name of the priest without asking what it was. It seemed as if her unspoken wishes had power over those who were near her, for Mrs. Spencer suddenly raised her head, and said:

"Father Delaney is a good man, Estelle, and you may safely confide in him."

"I am glad to have met him," said Hester, in a low voice. "I feel very weary—and oh, so sad, so sad!"

"Lean your poor head on my shoulder, dear, and try to regain composure. I should not have allowed you to go out on so melancholy an errand to-day, but Herbert thought you would feel better satisfied to be present."

"He was quite right; it was an effort I was bound to make, to show my respect for the memory of my dearest father. It was very weak in me to faint. Such a thing never happened to me before in my life."

"Well, my dear, here we are at home again, and I can't say how glad I am for your sake. You must undress and lie down immediately, Estelle, and I will send your lunch into your room as soon as a hot cup of tea can be made for you."

CHAPTER XXII.

MARION OLIVER STILL MORE PUZZLED.

Very glad to be alone, Hester obeyed her directions literally, and when Martha came in with the tray, she found her lying on the sofa in a white dressing-gown, with her hair hanging loosely over the pillow.

The welcome refreshment restored the tone of her nervous system, and long before Mrs. Oliver made her appearance with the purchases she had made, Hester was ready to laugh at the hallucination which had so seriously affected her a few hours before.

The young widow first saw Mrs. Spencer, and with some surprise heard from her how deeply Hester had been affected in the church that morning.

"I hardly gave her credit for such deep feeling," said Marion meditatively. "I cannot help thinking Estelle Landry the strangest anomaly I ever met with. This morning she spoke in such a way of her mourning that I almost thought she does not wish to put it on at all; and then she faints away with grief in the midst of the funeral services. Herbert and I stayed till they were half over, and as long as I observed her, I thought she was more composed than I could have been under similar circumstances."

"I am sorry, Marion, that you are so prone to misjudge this poor girl. I hope you will be more careful with others, as to the way you express yourself about her, than you are with me."

"I promise not to offend in that way again, grandma. I am going to be on my good behavior not only with others, but equally so with you. At moments I own that I am fascinated by this young girl, and ready to believe her all that Ray thinks her. I am going to cultivate that amiable state of feeling, and you shall have no complaint to make of me in future."

"That will be best, my daughter. If you are to live in the house with Estelle Landry as her daily companion, it will not be well for you to allow any feeling inimical to her to find a place in your heart. Domestic treachery is, to me, the most repulsive of all forms of human wrong."

"Oh, grandma! how can you use such words as applicable to me? Yet you are right. It *will* be treachery in me to be keen-sighted to Miss Landry's faults, and not sufficiently appreciative of her good points. I will take your warning, and make the amende honorable."

"My dear, I did not mean to wound you. I know you to be incapable of intentional wrong; but you are inclined to criticise people too closely sometimes, and you seem to have perfect faith in your own judgments. They are not infallible remember, Marion, any more than those of other people."

"I will henceforth cultivate a healthy mistrust of my intuitions," said Marion, with a faint smile. "I believe you have pointed out to me what is a serious fault in my character, and I will set myself to correct it as speedily as possible. I will go to Miss Landry now, and see if she is sufficiently revived to take an interest in the purchases I have made for her."

When Mrs. Oliver entered Hester's room, she found that Martha had taken in the parcels, and placed them on a stand drawn up in front of the sofa on which she had been reclining. The strings were cut, and she had evidently examined their contents.

"I hope you like what I have chosen," said her visitor, placing herself on the sofa near her.

"Yes—for black goods they are well enough, and I am much obliged to you, Marion, for the trouble you have taken. I hope, however, that you have brought me something better worth looking at, in the shape of the jewels I wished to see."

"Yes—I have two sets here; one all black, and the other mixed with gold. I hardly thought it worth while to bring the last, but the jeweller insisted that you should see them both."

One was of hair very delicately wrought, and finished with black enamel. The other was of jet, elaborately ornamented with gold. Hester said:

"The jeweller was quite right, for the jet suits me best. I shall not wear them for a month or two, and I do not care about the others, as I already have a pin made of hair. I am going to try the effect of these, for I have a semi-barbaric taste which leads me to delight in jewels."

To the surprise of Mrs. Oliver, Hester decked herself in the jet ornaments, and placed herself in front of the mirror, commenting upon them with so much vivacity and interest, that she seemed to have forgotten entirely that she had any cause for grief.

Something in Marion's face told her what she was thinking, and Hester suddenly tore the jewels from her person, replaced them in their case, and throwing herself upon the sofa in a wild burst of grief, cried out:

"Take them away—take them away! How could I forget for a moment for whom those sombre looking things are to be worn? Oh! I am such an impulsive creature—so easily led away, that I am always doing something for which I am afterward self-condemned. Dearest Marion, don't think me the frivolous and heartless being I must have seemed to you in the last half hour. I read condemnation in your face, and I am sure that I merit it."

"I beg that you will not misinterpret me in this way. I had no such emotion toward you. I was only surprised at the rapid transitions in your feelings, for Mrs. Spencer had just been telling me how deeply you were moved this morning, and I was thinking what a protean creature you must be. If we are to be friends, we must learn to understand each other better, Estelle."

"Only love me, and make allowances for my faults," sobbed Hester, "and we shall get along together very well."

"Don't try to analyze me, Marion, for I am not worth it; you'll find so much dross, that you will hardly care to prize the little pure gold mingled with it."

Mrs. Oliver did not dream how accurate was the description thus given, and she deprecatingly said:

"Do not underrate yourself in this way. I have every reason to cherish the most friendly feelings toward you, and I am sure that I am the last person to do or say anything that can wound you. I have, perhaps, shown that I was interested in observing you, Estelle, but it was not in an unfriendly spirit. You are different from others, and I have been trying to understand you—that is all."

"Ah, well, you will never understand me, *for I am sometimes an enigma to myself, and it will be far better for us both not to make the attempt. I hate to be weighed in the balance*, for I know that I shall always be found wanting."

"Not in *my* scales, dear girl, for I shall throw into them the heavy weight of obligation both Herbert and I shall be under to you in enabling us to be near each other. We stand in the temple of friendship, ready to clasp hands in sincerest amity."

Hester suffered her hand to be taken, and she returned the pressure given by that of Mrs. Oliver. She softly said:

"If you will be true to me, Marion, you will find me the best friend you ever had."

"Of course I will be true. I should hate myself if I thought I could be otherwise."

"There, dear, that will do. My head hurts me again, and I think I had better try to sleep as early as possible."

"I will send in your supper, and after that no one shall disturb you. I will have these things taken away, as they are to go to the mantua-maker early in the morning. I have promised to send her a dress that fits you, and two days hence you are to have a dead black silk, trimmed with crape, sent home."

"I will tell Martha which dress to send, and she can put the jewels away. Good-night, Marion; kiss me, and let us henceforth be the best of friends."

Mrs. Oliver complied with the request, and then left the room to join Spencer in the parlor, but she did not speak to him of the scene in which she had just borne a part.

When Hester had eaten her supper, she dismissed Martha with a message to Mrs. Spencer to the effect that she felt weary, and wished to seek repose at once.

Thus secure from interruption, she wrote to her mother, and also to Macon, giving a detailed account of all that had happened to her since she left them.

When she at length retired, she fell into a broken sleep, which was interrupted by visions of the awful head which had gloamed on her in church that day, and it seemed more menacing in its aspect each time it appeared.

She awoke bathed in a cold perspiration, and almost afraid to look out in the darkness, lest the stern face should be gleaming from it in lines of phosphorescent brightness. But when she did summon courage to unclose her eyes, it was inexpressible relief to find that nothing was visible.

Hester had heard that prayer would exorcise an evil spirit, and she muttered over those she had been taught, wondering if a prayer from her lips would ever find audience again in that spiritual world she vaguely believed in, but without the earnest faith which might have purified her nature, and saved her from the criminal course on which she had entered.

She slept again less lightly, and the phantom came no more to harass her dreams that night; but it seemed to have made an indelible impression on some portion of the brain, for night after night the same vision returned, until she became so accustomed to it as to think of it almost with indifference. When that state of feeling was established, the illusion vanished altogether.

When Hester appeared at breakfast on the following morning, she was a little paler than on the preceding one, but she seemed to have quite recovered from the illness of the previous day.

She was nervous about the thick letter she carried in her pocket, for she wished to find an opportunity to send it without allowing Mrs. Spencer to see that it contained a double inclosure. The old lady would naturally marvel what she could possibly have to say to Mrs. Blake, to require such a missive as that for its expression; yet it must be sent, let her think what she might.

She had also written a few lines to Mrs. Murray, expressing the deepest grief at her father's sad fate, and referring her for particulars to a communication sent, at her request, by Spencer. She sent an affectionate message to Clarice, and expressed her regret that they must be separated so long, as it was her fixed intention to spend the winter in the South. She excused the brevity of her letter by referring to her late illness and present anguish of bereavement, and ended with the usual affectionate formula.

When breakfast was over, the three ladies went out on the portico to enjoy the morning air, and the song of the canary-birds Mrs. Spencer kept as pets. Several cages hung against the wall, and the old lady said to Mrs. Oliver:

"Did you remember the rape-seed I requested you to get for me, Marion? The poor things are really suffering for the food they are so fond of."

"Oh, dear! And to think I forgot all about it! I will go to town this morning, and bring it back with me before dinner."

"No, my dear; I will not have you do that, for last night I heard you tell Herbert that you would be busy at home to-day. Scipio can go to town on this errand as well as any one, and it will be less trouble to him to go on one of the horses than to get up the carriage for you."

"Very well, ma'am. I will go then and give him your order myself."

Hester here spoke:

"If Scipio is going to town, I shall be glad to have him take two letters for me. One of them is to my Aunt Murray, and I intended to have sent it to Herbert before he went in this morning. I unluckily overslept myself; but it is of no consequence now that I can find another messenger."

"Give your letters to me," said Mrs. Oliver, "and I will transfer them to Scipio. He will take the best care of them, for he is a trustworthy old fellow."

"I do not doubt that, but I must go into my room for them. Tell the old man to come to the window, and I will hand them through it."

Mrs. Oliver moved away. Hester hurried to her chamber, and folded the two letters she took from her pocket in a strip of wrapping paper she found upon the table. It was very loosely done, for she only desired to cover the address, and prevent others from seeing that the more voluminous of the two missives was addressed to a person who was supposed to be a comparative stranger to her.

When the old negro came up to the window she was standing in front of it, with a winning smile on her lips, and to his respectful salute she replied by saying:

"Good-morning, Uncle Scipio. It seems to me that I ought to remember you, though I was such a little picaninny when you used to come to Le Bocage. I am quite sure that you have brought me chincapins and speckled birds' eggs many a time in those early days. You have waited a long time for your pay for those simple acts of kindness, but you know the good book says, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters.' Accept this gold piece from me to buy you tobacco, or any other little comfort you may need."

The old man took the half-eagle she offered, and with another low salaam, said:

"Dear Miss Estelle, you has a wonnerful mem'ry, you has—for I tuck you them things sartin sure, an' you used to dance and clap your han's like a mad thing. But I never throwed any bread away nowheres at all, an' least of all in the river. Ef the overseer had cotch me at that, I dunno but I'd ha' cotched it myself. We had plenty on the 'Lorme place, but no waste wa'n't 'lowed."

Hester laughed.

"I am afraid that you do not attend church regularly, as a Puritan ought, Uncle Sip, or you would have understood my allusion better. However, it is of no consequence now. Take my letters safely to the office, and I will remember the service before I go away."

"Thank you, missie. I s'pose I didn't understand, but then I an't nothing but a poor darkie. I does go to meetin', but somehow I can't keep awake long enough to git any good out'n what the preacher is a sayin'."

Mrs. Oliver's voice was heard calling to him, and Scipio took the money and letters in one hand, and with the other again lifted his hat. He was anxious to conceal the gold that *had been given to him, as he knew it was much more than the service was worth*; and in his efforts to do so, as he crossed the portico, the two letters slipped from his hand and fell at Mrs. Spencer's feet.

She had put on her glasses to examine into the condition of a nest of young birds, and as the old man arose in confusion, with the letters in his hand, her eyes became riveted on the address of the larger one.

"Mrs. Hagar Blake," she mechanically repeated, and then she said:

"It can't be possible that this long letter is for that woman. There must have been a mistake in addressing them. That poor child's mind is in such a state, that I don't wonder she mistook her aunt's letter for the one that should go to Mrs. Blake. Wait here, Sip, while I go in and speak to her."

As Mrs. Spencer was crossing the vestibule in the direction of Hester's door, she met Mrs. Oliver returning, and that lady paused in some surprise as she saw the disturbed face of her old friend. At that moment Hester's door opened, and she glanced with evident dismay at the letters she had thought by this time safe on their way to town.

For an instant she could scarcely command her voice sufficiently to ask:

"What is it, grandma? Is anything wrong about the letters?"

"I am afraid there is, my dear. Luckily Scipio dropped them on the floor, or I should not have discovered the error you must have made in addressing them. I was sorry to see that either of them is for Mrs. Blake, but this thick one cannot be intended for her."

By this time Hester had recovered herself, and was ready with an explanation.

"There is no mistake, grandma. I was bound to write a few lines to a person who was so very kind to me as Mrs. Blake was, and I inclosed in the envelope a lace set wrapped in paper, as a present to her daughter. That is the reason the letter seems so bulky."

"Excuse me, Estelle; I should not have come to you, if I had not thought the wrong letter was going to your aunt. I should like to speak with you a few moments about—about this person," and she pointed to Mrs. Blake's name.

"I cannot refuse to hear anything you may wish to say to me, grandma; but what I have written to Mrs. Blake *must* be sent. I will give the letter to Scipio, and then come back to you."

Hester held out her hand, but the imperative accent showed Mrs. Spencer that opposition would be useless, and she rather stiffly replied:

"As you please; but Marion can give it to the messenger, and you can come back into your room with me. It is my duty to tell you some things that you do not seem to be aware of."

Mrs. Oliver stepped forward a few paces and took both letters. She could scarcely have explained what induced her to press her fingers upon the larger one, but as soon as she did so, she knew that nothing soft or yielding was inclosed in it. Several sheets of paper were evidently folded within the envelope, and as she looked closely at it, she saw through the thin paper that writing covered them all.

Scipio went on his errand, and Marion sat down to ponder on this new development, and marvel in her own mind what Estelle Landry could possibly have to say to those people which required a dozen pages of writing to express.

"Betrothed as she is to Raymond, she would never dare to write to that doctor, and thus encourage the admiration she evidently thinks he feels for her. O my! I have promised myself not to think hardly of this strange girl, but I find myself doing it because I can't understand her."

Such was Mrs. Oliver's mental comment on this inexplicable incident. She then roused herself from her reverie, and went to her room to busy herself in preparations for the voyage she expected so soon to undertake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

◆

—Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.

MY KEYS.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Those are keys, you say,
On your palm outspread?
This, an autumn leaf,
That, a posy dead;

"This, a shred of silk,
Matching bronze-brown hair;
That, a photograph,
With a jagged tear;

"This, a blotted note,
That, a baby's sock!
Pray, what cabinet
Can these keys unlock?"

"They are noiseless all—
Are they not, my keys?
Not a clank of steel,
As I gather these.

"But I guard them well,
Knowing human will
Cannot duplicate
With successful skill.

"There's a chamber dim,
With an inner shrine,
Where I enter in
With these keys of mine;

"Where I call at will
Shadows, dim may be
As the magic tomb,
Of each little key.

"See, the shred of silk
Is a new bride's dress,
And the hair to match
Gives me mute caress.

"For the photograph—
Well, we let that go.
It is torn, you see—
Tattered long ago.

"And the posy dead,
With its faint perfume,
Has a counterpart
In a quiet tomb.

"But the baby's sock
Opens wide a door,
Where I wait sometimes
When the day is o'er;

"For the tiny shoe
Throws a bar across,
From the bearded man
To the baby lost."

THE BLONDE WHISKERS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Sitting up, Em? What a little goose! Crying! Why, what's the matter? Anything happened?"

"*Anything happened!* Oh, George, it's half-past one o'clock. Yesterday it was twelve; and *two*, yes, two o'clock, Thursday week."

"Time does fly," said George. "How late I used to stay with you in courting times, eh! Remember, Emmy?"

"Remember!" repeated Mrs. Harkaway. "Oh, I never thought then that it would come to this."

"I did not know you had such a temper then, Emmy," said George. "Didn't think you could scold. What have I done? What has *it* come to?"

"To my spending my time alone, for the most part," said Mrs. Harkaway. "Not a year married, and day after day, evening after evening, here I sit and mope. You are absolutely out *all* the time."

"Why, Emmy," said George lazily, lighting a cigar, "I'm home every night, I'm sure."

"*Every night!* Oh, George Harkaway!" said Mrs. Harkaway, with a hysterical sob, and left the room, and, I am sorry to say, banged the door after her.

"O dear!" said the poor little woman to herself, as she stood alone in the next room. "Who could have believed that he didn't care anything about me? He made love to me, I'm sure. He wouldn't let me speak to another man. He sat with his arm about my waist whole evenings. He called me an angel, and said he'd lay down his life for me; and *now*—Oh, I wish I was dead!"

And this not because her spouse had actually done anything cruel, or that she suspected him of being unfaithful, but that he had behaved just as so many an American husband does behave to the little girl he marries.

He takes her from papa and mamma, brothers and sisters—from the thousand and one pleasant flirtations—from the friendships, platonic or otherwise, which she has perfect freedom to make. He makes love for a month or two, whisks her away on a wedding tour, and then is "always home every night." How she is to amuse herself in her upper room at a boarding-house, or her apartment at the end of a hotel corridor, he never asks. He forgets, or perhaps remembers too well, that she can properly have no other escort—that she cannot even receive calls from gentlemen as she used—and then he wonders that she mopes and fades.

Cards and lager with a bachelor friend; the theatre, without the necessity of dressing as when in lady's company, with the same companion; long fishing excursions, also in bachelor society—these filled out George's non-business hours, and left little Emmy solus. He had never spoken a cross word to her. He always kissed her when he came in. He cared not a sou for any other woman, but— Oh, please forgive me, dear ladies. "You know how it is yourselves."

Emmy pouted over her breakfast next morning, and gave no response to George's parting salute. Indeed she was so chilling that he felt uncomfortable, and resolved to surprise her by coming home to lunch, and being very good that evening. He carried the plan out, and they had what Emmy called a "nice, old-fashioned time." But alas, there was Bob Cherry still alive. And this old-fashioned time was but an oasis in the desert. Emmy was in despair. She was in a strange city, at a great hotel. She was shy and timid, and instead of going out to walk in her new bonnet, she staid at home and looked out of the dull back window, from which she sometimes saw other ladies sitting at other windows of the great hotel as disconsolately as she sat at hers. Gongs sounded and bells rang. Waiters and chamber-maids rushed across the bit of pavement at the bottom of what looked to Emmy like a stone well. Out in the hall, people were always passing her door. Down in the parlor, the pleasant and comprehensive stare which American ladies bestow upon strangers of their own sex, daunted her.

One poor little sparrow, a city bird, afraid of nothing, sometimes came down from the eaves, and perched upon her window-sill. It was a great comfort to Emmy to feed it with bread crumbs. One day she actually did go out and buy a geranium in a pot, bringing it home in her own hands; but trying to make the pretty plant flower again in that sunless window was a hopeless task. She was nipping it with her scissors one day, when she heard a whistle—a long, low whistle—from a window just above her. She looked up, with a start. A gentleman in a linen travelling coat was leaning out of an upper window, and as she caught sight of him her cheeks flushed, and she burst into a low, pleasant laugh. He drew his head in: she did the same. Then she ran to the glass, adjusted her crimps, put on a new necktie, settled her sash, and went back to the window.

In ten minutes a waiter knocked at the door, and handed her a little note.

"Emmy," said George, as he suddenly turned from the looking-glass one morning, not long after this, "what are you looking at?"

"What is there to see out of this window?" asked Emmy, not looking at him.

George gave her a singular glance, and crossed the room.

"Impertinent rascal!" he said. "I'll swear he was staring into this room."

"O no, he wasn't, George," said Emmy.

"Shut the shutters, Emmy," said George.

"Nonsense!" said Emmy.

George shut them himself.

"Hotel men are always insolent," he said. "A fast lot, generally. You mustn't look out of that window so much, child."

"Ah, mustn't I?" said Mrs. Harkaway.

"No," said George.

He was not stern with her, but positive, as a father might have been with a child.

Emmy meant no harm, but she was not cautious enough. However, when he came home earlier than usual to dinner, there was his wife at the window again.

"And, by heaven!" cried George, "that fellow with the light mustaches at *his* too!"

"I'm astonished, Emmy," said George. "One would think you a child."

"I don't feel like one," said Emmy. "I wish I did. Going out to-night, aren't you, George?"

George looked at his wife.

"It seems as though she wanted me to go," he thought.

To be sure he had not staid at home with her when he saw that the putting on of his hat brought tears to her eyes, but he felt hurt now—hurt and indignant.

"I think not," he answered.

"Ah, well," said his wife. "There's a book to amuse you. I promised Mrs. Smith to run into her room a few moments."

"Who is Mrs. Smith?" asked George.

"A lady in the house," said Mrs. Harkaway. "From Washington, I believe, indeed. You won't mind, I hope, George. I'm going to dine with her."

"Glad you've made such a friend," said George sulkily.

He ate his dinner alone, but he did not stay at home. However, at eleven o'clock he opened his own particular door again. The room was empty. Emmy was nowhere to be found.

Nor was it until half an hour had passed that she entered, flushed and smiling, dressed in her very finest, and evidently in high spirits.

"Mrs. Smith must be an entertaining woman, Emmy," said Mr. Harkaway.

"Oh, she is," said Emmy. "I've enjoyed myself so much."

Mr. Harkaway made no further remark. But now, with a strange anxiety in his heart, he took to watching Emmy. She was perpetually at that window. She was very often out. She never urged him to stay in in the evening. She had fresh bouquets on her dressing-table every day. He met the gentleman with whiskers near his door, as though just leaving it, more than once.

He found a man's glove on his floor one morning.

A waiter knocked one Sunday morning and handed in a note, which Emmy said was from Mrs. Smith, and which she tore to pieces at once. Poor George was growing jealous. He forsook the society of Bob Cherry and staid at home a great deal. At last he came to the decision that he was not the victim of his imagination, that there was really something going on which his wife hid from him, and he resolved to watch her.

"George," said Emmy one evening, "I'm going to call on Mrs. Smith."

"Very well," said George.

"Indeed," said Emmy, "I may be quite late; so don't worry."

"O no," said George, but he watched Emmy narrowly, and saw that ere she slipped out at the door of the inner room she had put on a bonnet and an opera cloak, two things which ladies seldom don to call on other lady friends in the same hotel. He saw, and groaned in spirit.

"Good Heaven! can Emmy really be deceiving me?" he said. "I'll make sure of the truth to-night. I'll be in doubt no longer. I'll follow her."

He seized a soft hat and put it on; he turned up his coat collar and glided down the stairs. At the first landing-place he paused and peeped over. A lady in a mauve silk and white opera cloak was just taking the arm of a tall gentleman with blonde whiskers.

The enraged husband felt inclined to pounce upon the pair then and there; but a second thought altered his impulse. To follow them would be better. He knew of a flight of stairs which led to a side door, and turning toward these, slipped out into a cross street. In a moment Emmy passed him, leaning on the stranger's arm.

Maledictions burnt in George's heart, but he restrained himself, and crept after them. They went straight to the theatre, and he perforce followed. He sat only a few seats behind them, and looked at them in a way that attracted more attention than he knew. They were very familiar; he had never seen his Emmy so familiar with any gentleman friend.

"Ah! good Heavens! Why did I leave her so much alone in a strange hotel?" thought George Harkaway. "I know it was something I should not have done. Now it is too late. I can never forgive her. There must be a separation; and yet it is partly my fault. She is very weak and wicked, but it is partly my fault."

He could have wept with anguish. That play, a lively sketch of society, might have been a five-act play for all he knew. The hours seemed interminable. And when the curtain fell, and he followed his wife and her companion out, he felt as Rip Van Winkle did after his twenty years' nap. Youth seemed gone; life a different thing; and the being who was so dear to him, his Emmy, where was she? This that counterfeited her fluttered before him on the stranger's arm. He would see all; he would know the worst. And then— Ah! then! And in this mood he watched them through a window, as they eat ices and nibbled cake in a fashionable saloon. Where would they go next? Straight to the hotel, it seemed. At its door he stepped between them.

"You shall answer for this!" he whispered, hoarse with passion. "You shall answer for this, whoever you are. This is my wife, sir."

"Indeed," said the gentleman. "Glad to know you. If you want to see me, I'm at number twenty-four," and was gone on the instant.

George had sense enough left to hurry Emma up to her own room before he said another word.

"Now," he said, as he shut the door with a crash, "now, Madame?"

"Well, sir," said Emmy.

"Explain," said George.

"Well, I've been to the theatre with a nice looking gentleman," said Emmy. "I've had some cream, and I've enjoyed myself. Is it a crime?"

"Mrs. Harkaway," said George, "this is serious business. How long have you known that man?"

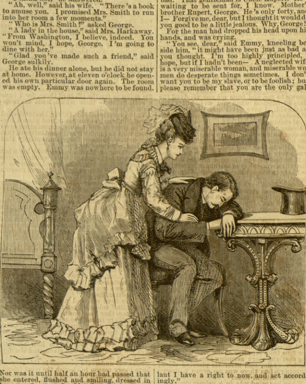
"Well, George," said Emma, "you see, I had a lively time when I was a girl—beaux and brothers to take me about, and Uncle Rupert too, whenever he was on from the West; and you've left me alone a great deal of late, and taken me nowhere, and staid out until morning, and all that; and one day this gentleman kissed his hand to me from a window, and I kissed mine back, and he sent me a note; and I've seen a good deal of him since, and I hope I shall see more, for I really do love him, George, and he loves me."

"What a horrible confession!" said George. "Are you mad, Emma?"

"No," said Emma. "I'll add one little word in explanation, for really this is growing too bad. That gentleman is Uncle Rupert. He's waiting to be sent for, I know. Mother's brother Rupert, George. He's only forty, and I— Forgive me, dear, but I thought it would do you good to be a little jealous. Why, George!"

For the man had dropped his head upon his hands, and was crying.

"You see, dear," said Emmy, kneeling beside him, "it might have been just as bad as you thought. I'm too highly principled, I hope, but if I hadn't been— A neglected wife is a very miserable woman, and miserable women do desperate things sometimes. I don't want you to be my slave, or to be foolish; but please remember that you are the only gallant I have a right to now, and act accordingly."



It was pretty hard for George to kiss Emmy, but he did it; and though no miraculous change occurred at once, I am glad to say that Emmy's stratagem was not without effect, and that George Harkaway is as good and attentive a husband to-day as any woman need hope for.

SCIENCE.

Baron von Mädler, the eminent German astronomer, who is particularly distinguished as a selenographer, or student of the moon's surface—from the Greek words *selene* the moon, and *grapho* to describe—is writing a history of astronomy in the German language, the first volume of which has just appeared. Among the interesting facts not commonly known, mentioned by the learned author, it is related that in the time of the celebrated Roman philosopher Seneca, hollow glasses filled with oil were used to protect the eye in observing eclipses of the sun; that a sun-dial, supposed to be the identical one mentioned by Cicero in his letters, has been discovered among the ruins on the conjectural site of his house at Rome; and that in 1854 four wooden tablets covered with plaster were found in Egypt, engraved with mathematical calculations which formed the almanac of the famous ancient school of astronomy at Alexandria.

The numerous and severe earthquakes and volcanic disturbances which occurred last spring in different portions of the globe, and within a few weeks of one another, are thought to indicate a common source of origin of such phenomena. Thus the destructive earthquake in California, lasting from two A. M. to seven A. M., took place on March 26th; the terribly disastrous earthquake at Antioch, in Syria, whereby hundreds of lives were destroyed, on April 3d; a number of violent earthquake shocks on the Gold Coast of Africa, on April 14th and 15th, together with the terrific hurricane at Zanzibar on the second of these two days, in which almost every vessel in the harbor was wrecked; and finally, the recent remarkable eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which began on April 24th, and has seldom been excelled in extent or grandeur, in all the history of that volcano.

Mr. H. N. Moseley, who went to India last year as a member of the eclipse expedition, spent some time in Ceylon before his return to England, collecting natural history specimens for the museum of Oxford University. He secured a considerable number of living animals, and brought them all safely homeward as far as Suez; but the cold of the night journey across the desert to Alexandria was so intense that it killed them all except one species of snake and one species of lizard. The specimen of this snake—a brilliant green tree snake—which he placed in the Zoological Gardens, lived there two months without taking food, and according to the keeper, one of the same species formerly lived six months there without eating.

In making photographs of the stars, the image is so small that there is some danger of confounding the impression with accidental specks in the collodion plate. To guard against this liability, Mr. Rutherford takes two photographs of each star of which he desires a picture. As the stars have an apparent motion from east to west, due to the earth's rotation, the camera is attached to a moving telescope, which, as it were, follows the star under observation. The motion of this telescope is stopped for half a minute between the two impressions, in which period the relative position of the star is changed, so that a double speck upon the negative represents each star, and all chance of mistake is avoided.

The first part of the Flora of British India, by the distinguished botanist Dr. J. D. Hooker, has just been published under government authority. No complete account of the botany of the country has ever yet appeared; and the fact that not more than one-twelfth of the twelve thousand to fourteen thousand British Indian flowering plants and ferns has hitherto been described in any one work, shows how much this was needed. Heretofore a competent knowledge of the plants of the region could be gained only by the study of hundreds of various authorities, difficult to collect.

Substitutes for gunpowder formed the subject of an instructive lecture delivered before the Royal Institution in May, by Mr. F. A. Abel, chief chemist of the British war department. His conclusion was, that although gun-cotton and dynamite are very superior to gunpowder, where great violence and suddenness of action are desired, as in rock blasting and military mines, yet, that the gradual ignition and explosive action of gunpowder are invaluable for such a variety of purposes, as to render it in fact irreplaceable by any other agent.

A cursory examination of the South African diamond region and its geological features has convinced Mr. John Paterson, as he recently told the London Geologists' Association, that the diggings there "are to be no fleeting, passing industry, but a continuous employment, not only for many years, but for many ages."

An instrument for measuring the proportions of the human body, especially useful as a means of identifying criminals, was recently exhibited and described by Mr. J. Bonomi, at a meeting of the Anthropological Institute.

During the last session of the Institution of Civil Engineers, London, the Emperor of Brazil and Prince Arthur became honorary members.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. L. B. (Baton Rouge, La.) says: "Having been a reader of your estimable paper for a number of years, and noticing the kindness with which you answer correspondents, I presume to trespass on your time, in the hope that you will assist me in my present difficulty. I am a young man engaged in a profession, and am in love. My age is very near twenty-two; that of the young lady, nineteen. I have just commenced the practice of my profession, and do not expect to be able to support a wife for at least two, perhaps three years. Now as I have already made known my passion to the lady, what would you advise me to do? Ask her to marry me—which I have not yet done—or wait and let things take their course? I am afraid that, if I do not propose, the young lady will think I am trifling with her. But I dislike to enter into an engagement which I am not now able to fulfil, and only have hopes of being able to do so in two or three years. I thought of stating the circumstances to her, and asking her to wait; but as I am not certain of any success, and as the lady is of marriageable age, I dislike to do it; for, in the mean time, she may have an opportunity of entering the married state to her advantage. Please answer, and relieve one who, although in no way backward in expressing himself to the fair sex, would not like to hold a lady to an engagement which he may not be able to fulfil." For a gentleman to make known his "passion" to a "marriageable lady," is the same as a proposal, as we understand it. It is for her to consider, after making proper inquiry of her own heart, and from prudent friends, what she had better do. It is with the lady now to say how she wishes to stand toward you.

A MOTHER has two sons. The eldest is twenty-five years old, and has a very unfortunate disposition, being gloomy and unsocial in temper and manners, and reckless of his money. His mother says: "He never gives me any satisfaction about his business. When he has a situation, he will give me money if I ask him for it, or if I take it out of his pocket; or he will lay it around where I can get it. But when he is out of a situation, he is out of money. He goes into no bad company, nor does he get clothes, but just lets it slip through his fingers and has nothing to show for it. He also gives it away to his friends, in sums of five and ten dollars, and they never think of returning it. Sometimes he leaves it in the hands of his employers, and draws occasionally—a little now and a little again—and when he comes to settle, there is not much coming to him. He never makes a permanent bargain, and keeps no account of what he spends or what he gets. I have offered him, for every hundred dollars he saves, to add fifty dollars to it; and have tried in every way I can think of to encourage him to be saving, but in vain. What can I do? Please advise me." You seem to have done all that you can do for your heedless son. He appears to be one of that unfortunate class who cannot be taught financial care and discretion, except with great difficulty. Perhaps when he falls in love he will begin to feel like husbanding his resources. In the mean time, you look after his interests the same as you have been doing, and try to manage matters so as to overcome his unthriftiness as much as possible.

E. T. (Bristol, Tenn.) says: "Having until recently lived in the country, I am often embarrassed by not knowing the use of cards. A gentleman whom I have never before met calls on me, and presents his card bearing his name. Should I keep some cards bearing my name with me, and hand one to a gentleman when he hands me his? Should there be any hand shaking? Is the introduction a *bona fide* one? Under what circumstances should I present my card to a gentleman or lady? Mr. Editor, you understand what I am driving at, and I hope you will throw as much light upon the subject as your valuable space will admit of. One more question, if you please. I intend calling on a lady at night. During the afternoon, I send her my card, requesting permission to call. Upon reaching the house that night, should I send my card in to her? Shall I remain outside until I am invited in by her? By answering these questions as explicitly as possible, you will greatly oblige." A card is for the purpose of making known one's name to a stranger without the awkwardness of telling it one's self. It is also left at the house of one on whom you call when he is not at home, and shows him you have been there. It is usual to enter the parlor, and send one's card to the person being called on, by the servant who admits you. You do not hand your card to one who gives you his. He is presumed to know you already, or why should he call? Hand shaking, with gentlemen, is usual on introduction; with ladies, a bow, or in the open air, the lifting of the hat is enough. Good sense and modesty, with a little observation, will carry any man through these small details.

LEASE (New York) asks: "Can you give me any information through your columns in regard to leases on real estate? What I want to find out is this: I have leased a tenement house for five years, at an annual rental of $420. Now the landlord finds he can get more rent for said tenement house, and wants me to move out, or pay $550 a year. He put no government stamp on the lease, and says that the lease is of no value on that account. Hasn't he laid himself liable to prosecution for a violation of the stamp duties imposed by act of Congress? I have had possession of the tenement house for three years, and now he wants to take advantage of my ignorance of the law. Will you please give me your understanding of the case?" If you pay your rent according to the terms of the lease, you can continue in possession of the premises for the full term of five years. The landlord cannot take advantage of his own violation of the law, in not putting a stamp on the lease, to work you injury. He would, as you suggest, be liable to prosecution and a fine for not putting a stamp on the lease. On coming into court, you would be allowed to have the lease stamped, on showing your ignorance and innocence in the matter.

C. M. P. (Franklin, Pa.) says: "Will you please give me, through your answers to correspondents, information in regard to the South Africa diamond fields? I would like to know the route, and what it would cost from New York to the fields—not first-class passage. About what amount would it be safe for a young man to start with, and what are the chances of doing well after he gets there—I mean outside of the mines? Of course you cannot tell what luck one might have; but a man that is willing to work and attends to his own business, ought to be able to find something to do, ought he not? Please give me what information you can." We have no detailed information on this subject, nor do we know any one who has, beyond the fact that the yield of diamonds is below expectation and report, and general disappointment is the result. We would rather help a young American man to information regarding the diamonds of your own State, in which your question about employment is entirely in point.

A CONSTANT READER (Nochway, Geo.) says: "I have been a constant reader and a great admirer of your paper for years. I always read your answers to correspondents, but have never thought I would trouble you with a question. Your great patience and wise answers make me bold to do so at last. Being a member of a Bible class, the question arose—the lesson being the subject of Christ feeding the multitude on five loaves and a few small fishes—what was meant by 'basket?' 'And twelve baskets of fragments were taken up.' How could twelve be taken? The class decided that it was one of the miracles of Christ, but the definition of the word 'basket' in Scripture language puzzled them. Answer in your next, if you consider this worthy your notice, and very much oblige." The word for "baskets"—Kofinoi—is travelling baskets, the apostles having one each. The idea is, that the fragments amounted, through the miraculous increase, to more than the original five loaves.

HOWARD says: "I am twenty-one years of age, with just a fair common-school education. Ever since I can remember, it has been my desire to some day become an editor. I think there is no other vocation which I could ever like one half so well, and yet I do not know as I am qualified for that profession. I am a farmer, living home with my parents, and have not got much money. Please advise me through your answers to correspondents whether, in your opinion, I had better determine on journalism as a profession, and if so, how to proceed." It would probably take you five years to acquire sufficient knowledge and readiness with your pen to fill a subordinate editorial position satisfactorily to your employers, and you would have to work hard and fare hard during that time. Perhaps even then you would fail, and have to give up the project. You must be your own judge as to whether you will undertake it or not.

MARY (Corinth, Miss.) says: "I have been engaged to be married for almost a year; during the last six months my betrothed and I have not seen each other, but have kept up a regular correspondence. Recently he writes me that he is getting no letters from me. He thinks that I have changed, but was pleased to not write it. He wrote me very affectionate letters, and seemed much mortified at my treatment. I have been very prompt in answering his letters, and can't see any reason for his not getting them. What must I do, and how am I to find out whether he gets them or not? Although I see no reason for his not getting them, I don't think he would write me he *did not*, if he did get them. Please answer in your paper to correspondents, and oblige." Register your letters; it will only cost five cents, and his receipts for them will be taken and sent to you. Nothing easier.

M. B. B. (Syracuse) says: "A Revolutionary soldier was given by the Government a piece of land. He died, leaving a son, who in after years claimed the land, but could not get it without great expense. He being very poor, and with a family to support, gave it up, hoping some day to possess it. He died, leaving two children, who, with their children, are living, and none are more needy or worthy than they. The question is, Can they claim the land? Is it not legally theirs?" They could of course claim the land, but their claim would undoubtedly be disregarded. The land may be legally theirs; but it might take more than the land is worth for them to show that it *is* legally theirs in such a manner as would enable them to get possession of it. Their best course would be to state their case to some good sound lawyer, and hear what he will say about it.

CLOID (Savannah, Ga.) says: "Having been a constant subscriber to the *Ledger* since 1857, I hope that you will do me the kindness to inform me, through the column of Notices to Correspondents, as to who is the author of 'Consistency, thou art a jewel.' Your early attention to the above request will much oblige." This phrase is not identified with any author known to us. Shakespeare speaks of experience as a jewel, and probably the other phrase is a parody of his.

MINNIE (Philadelphia) says: "I have a dear friend, an officer in the U. S. Navy, but know not where he is. Would you be so kind as to reply, through 'Notices to Correspondents,' where and to whom I should apply in order to find his address? By giving the above information at your earliest convenience you will oblige one of dear *Ledger's* most ardent admirers." Write to the office of the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

C. M. T. (Brooklyn) writes: "Will you please inform me, through your paper, how I can procure a position as paymaster's clerk in the navy? I am twenty-one years of age." We do not know, unless you can get your father elected to Congress, and then he might obtain the appointment for you.

LILLIAN A. about a year ago met, in a private family, where there were two or three boarders besides herself, a very intelligent and agreeable young gentleman, and they became very much interested in each other. It turns out that he was a married man, and after living very unhappily for one year, he agreed to leave the State, and give his wife the privilege of getting a divorce. He has purposely refrained from holding any communication with her, in order that she might have a clear case. So four years have gone, and she has made no effort yet to get one, and his lawyer tells him that he has thrown his chance of getting one away, by leaving her. LILLIAN A. wants to know, "Must this legal lie make us wretched all our lives? He is a man of good moral character, and much respected by all who know him, but has felt a delicacy about telling his troubles, and consequently this part of his life is but little known. I have left the city where he resides, but correspond with him. I am over twenty, and this is no child's affection. Ought I to give him up entirely, or correspond with him, and wait for the years to work out for us all that cannot be accomplished now?" We do not see where the "legal lie" is. He was legally married, is so still, and a man in this condition is to be so treated by a lady. If he suffers now, it is the inevitable penalty of marrying improperly. The obligation to act now is on him. A lady is not supposed to take steps toward liberating a gentleman from legal ties, that she may marry him.

KENTUCKIAN (Arcola, Ill.) says: "Having been a constant reader of your valuable paper for a number of years, and being profited considerably by your answers to correspondents, I take the liberty of asking your opinion on the following: I am a young man twenty-one years old; am passably good looking; future prospects good financially, and devotedly in love with a beautiful young girl of sixteen, who is well educated, but modest and retiring in her disposition. The difficulty is, I can't tell whether she returns my love or not. If I ask her she returns an evasive reply; and still, sometimes she seems to think a great deal of me, and particularly when I am with other girls. She is now wearing a ring that I gave her. She has also made me some nice presents, such as slippers, watch-pockets, etc. But I confess that I cannot tell whether she cares anything more for me than as a friend or not, and she won't tell me. Now, Mr. Editor, I feel like quitting in disgust, as mine is a nature that will brook no coldness on the part of those I love. I hope that you will give this your attention." A man who will "brook no coldness" is weak, and generally silly, and often miserably selfish. Do you expect a modest girl of sixteen to make glowing declarations to you, an admirer with a tolerably good opinion of yourself? She has gone as far as you should expect. "Brook" a little delay.

FRITZ (Washington, D. C.) says: "'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' So is your paper to me at the present time; and it is for that reason that I apply to you for advice. I am a German, nineteen years of age, and have been residing in this country for the last five years. Before I left my native land, Prussia, I signed the resignation of my citizenship before the court. In a few weeks I shall be obliged to make a trip to Europe, to see my parents. You are well aware, I suppose, that every traveller, and especially those arriving from foreign countries, are obliged to show their passports. Now this is what I want to get at: What shall I do in this case? I cannot yet obtain such, not being of age. I have been informed that I could obtain a certificate by declaring at the Supreme Court my desire of becoming a citizen of the United States as soon as I become of age. But that court is not in session at present. I am not afraid of being detained as a soldier, because I resigned my citizenship, but I might be imprisoned for several weeks for identification. Please advise me through your next issue how to proceed, as I intend to leave in a few weeks." If you were old enough to renounce citizenship, you are old enough to declare your intention here, and the Consul can give you such a certificate as will identify you in your present relation.

NUMBER ONE writes: "As we have come to look on you as an authority in matters of etiquette, will you kindly give your opinion on the following? A gentleman, at a party, offers his escort to a lady to supper, which she accepts. While at supper, another gentleman, unacquainted with the lady's escort, comes up, and being apparently on familiar terms with the lady, joins in the conversation. Supper over, gentleman No. 1 offers his arm to the lady to conduct her up stairs, when gentleman No. 2 objects, and insists that *he* has the honor of being the lady's escort, and consequently will accompany her to the parlor. Gentleman No. 1 then bows politely and withdraws, without saying anything more. Now, do you think he did right, or should he have insisted on taking the lady up stairs, as he had taken her down, and resented the interference of gentleman No. 2?" The proprieties of the occasion depend on the facts. If the seemingly intrusive gentleman was in fact the lady's escort to the party, whom she had missed in going down to the refreshment table, it was no more than proper for him to find her as soon as he could and look after her comfort. You were a little hasty in taking your leave. You should have first ascertained the lady's wishes, and then been guided solely by them.

SENEX (Trenton, N. J.) writes on this wise: "I wrote to you some three weeks ago and requested an answer through the correspondents' column of the *Ledger* wich I have looked through very carfuly with the expectation of seeing my communication answerd. But in vain have I looked It may be that the questions I asked were so Silly that you did not deem it nesary to reply to. Very well But I think I have seen questions asked and answerd equally as foolish and devoid of Sense through the Ledger. And I after being a regular Subscriber to the Ledger for the past Seven years and have never before sought advice you did not think my communication worth a place in the columns of your Paper. Therfore you can keep your *advice* and your *paper* also, for I can get along without either your Ledger your advice or the Girl refered to in the afore mentiond letter and be better off without them." Senex means old. The old ought to be wise, but are not all so. Judging from this communication, we presume the guess of Senex is correct, as to his letter remaining unnoticed. We do not make the reading of the *Ledger* the rule of treatment of correspondents' letters. We consider the two points mainly of personal good, and general interest.

MEDICIS (Philadelphia) says: "I am twenty years of age, and graduated as an M. D. last March, and opened an office to follow my profession; and as I have to depend on my own exertions, and as yet have had no patients, my money has given out, and consequently I am in a quandary. My father refuses to help me because I love and am engaged to a young lady who is poor. I will not give her up, for she is worth more than a dozen fortunes; and so he will not help me in the least. Now, dear *Ledger*, please tell me what is best to do, for I would not willingly disobey my father, nor will I ever yield her. Do not throw this in your waste-paper basket, but answer it and do a lasting favor to one of the *Ledger's* warmest friends." You are evidently a boy of but little discretion or judgment, and should not be engaged, at your age, either in marriage or the practice of medicine. You should have asked your father's advice before you got into such a foolish dilemma; but as you did not ask it before, the best thing for you is to ask it now, and then follow it. It will doubtless be a good thing for the girl to have her marriage with you broken off, or at least postponed for several years.

JAMES R. (Marietta, Ohio) says: "Out here, among these lonely hills your paper is a source of great comfort, and since it is my only companion, I wish you would be kind enough to answer a question for me, at your earliest convenience, and oblige a constant reader of your valuable paper. I have a brother whom I have not heard from for ten long years, and when last heard from he was a private soldier in one of the Queen's Rifle regiments stationed somewhere in Canada. I am more than anxious to learn his whereabouts, and if you can tell me where to address a letter of inquiry you will confer a great favor, as I have good news for him that is of great importance to both our welfare. His name is George Richardson, and he is a native of Ireland. By answering the above I will ever remain grateful." You had better address a letter, with as many particulars as you can verify, to the Horse-guards, London, and ask for information. Regiments are known by their number, and if you cannot give the number, you had better describe it as exactly as you can, as by the Colonel's name, or some similar mark.

A. L. (Jackson, Tenn.) writes: "I am in trouble, and wish advice from you. About three years ago, I met a young lady and became acquainted with her, and in course of time found that I loved her, and believed that she returned my love, but never told her so. We were good friends until about a year and a half ago, when I met another lady, and thought that I loved her better than the first one, and a few weeks ago I told her so, and she returned my love. But now I have found that I do not love her, but love the first one, and last night I told lady No. 1 that I loved her dearly; but she stopped me, by telling me that lady No. 2 had told her all about our little talk, and said that she did love me until then. Now I want to know what to do to win her love again. There is no engagement with the other one. Please answer through your answers to correspondents." As the school-boys say, "You'd better take a rest for a while." Such a fickle, faithless, selfish creature as you have written yourself down to be, is unworthy of the love or confidence of any woman.

HEAD CLERK says: "Will you be kind enough to render me your advice in the following matter? I am head clerk in a fancy goods establishment, and have entire charge and control of the same, as the owner is frequently absent. Lately I have missed several articles, and tried in vain to find out what became of them. There are about nine clerks besides myself, and I could not accuse any one of them. Now, dear sir, will you advise me how to detect the thief, as undoubtedly some one of the clerks is abstracting these articles?" Your best way would be to call on the Superintendent of Police, lay the case before him, and let him detail an experienced detective to work it up. If your employer is soon expected home, it would be best for you to wait and take his instructions on the subject, as he is the one to decide in such a matter.

J. G. S. says: "I have been saving up your papers for a long time, and have lost, by accident, Nos. 23, 34, 35, 36 and 37 of "Mystery of No. 27," and No. 25 of "The Double Life, or the Hampton Mystery," and I wish to know how much they would cost, and whether I could get them or not." You can get the numbers mentioned, at this office. Their cost is thirty-six cents.

IN TROUBLE.—If the man referred to had a wife living at the time he married your friend, his marriage with her is null and void, and she is not his wife, and he has no legal control of her or her property. She should not mind his threats to kill her, but should have him arrested for bigamy and sent to State's prison, if he attempts to molest her any more.

A CONSTANT READER says: "Can the *Ledger* inform me as to whether the expression 'mutual friend' is proper? By answering you will much oblige." The phrase "mutual friend" is common, and is employed by writers of established reputation; it is condemned by Macaulay as a low vulgarism. He would use "common friend."

⁂ Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.